Through
Mud and Rain

W. R. Hardy, of Camden, Me., tramped 30 years ago. He helped to save the Union, but he lost his health. He says that for 29 years he tried every medicine he could hear of, but nothing helped him until he tried

ALLEN'S SARSAPARILLA.

That has been worth to him, he says, $25 a bottle. It has made a new man of him, and for the first time since the war he feels well. Wouldn't it pay you to try it for that trouble of yours?

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treet, 2 Doors South of Kennebec Bridge.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.....*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of June, 1892.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of ALBERT RANDALL, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the fourth Monday of July next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of said deceased.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.....*In Probate Court held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of June, 1892.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of MOSES T. BEAN, late of Mt. Vernon, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of July next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of said deceased.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of June, 1892.*

VENORA C. LORD, Administratrix on the estate of PRESCOTT M. LORD, late of Vassalboro, in said county, deceased, having presented her first account of administration of said estate for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of July next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.....*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of June, 1892.*

D. W. ANDREWS, Administrator on the estate of W. H. POTTER, late of Monmouth, in said county, deceased, having presented his third account of administration of said estate for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of July next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.....*Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of June, 1892.*

On petitions for widower's and widow's allowance on estates of CORNELIUS A. MERRILL of Windsor, PRESCOTT M. LORD of Vassalboro, and SARAH B. PILLSBURY of Mt. Vernon.

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of July next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayered for petitions should not be granted.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of RUTH P. JONES, late of Monmouth, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs. All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to SAMUEL H. JONES.

June 27, 1892. 36

TRUSSES fitted and warranted at the FULLER DRUG STORE, Augusta, Maine.

THE MAINE FARMER,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, BY

BADGER & MANLEY,

Water Street, Augusta.

Within two doors of the Bridge.

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$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

FREE OF POSTAGE.

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For one inch space, $1.00 for three insertions, and seventy-two cents for each subsequent insertion. Special Notices, $1.50 per inch for each insertion. All transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.

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Maine Farmer.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors. "OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN." TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

VOL. LX. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1892. No. 37.

Fairs to Occur.

Androscoggin County Agricultural Society—At Livermore, August 23d, 24th and 25th.
Andover Agricultural Society—At Andover, Sept. 29th and 30th.
Buxton and Hollis Agricultural Society—At Buxton, Sept. 6th, 7th and 8th.
Cumberland Farmers' Club—At Cumberland, Aug. 24th and 25th.
Cumberland County Agricultural Association—At Gorham, Sept. 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th.
Durham Town Show—At Durham, Oct. 4th and 5th.
Eastern Maine Fair—At Bangor, August 30th, 31st and Sept. 1st.
Franklin County Agricultural Society—At Farmington, Sept. 27th, 28th and 29th.
Kennebec Agricultural S. ciety—At Readfield, Sept. 20th, 21st and 22d.
Lincoln County Agricultural Society—At Damariscotta, Sept. 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th.
Maine State Fair—At Lewiston, Sept. 5th, 7th, 8th and 9th.
New Gloucester and Danville Agricultural Association—Oct. 6th and 7th.
North Oxford Agricultural Society—At Andover, Sept. 28th and 29th.
South Kennebec—At South Windsor, Oct. 4th, 5th and 6th.
Sagadahoc Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Topsham, Oct. 11th, 14th and 15th.
Shapleigh and Acton Agricultural Society—Oct. 11th, 12th and 13th.
Waldo and Penobscot Society—At Monroe, Sept. 27th, 28th and 29th.
Waldo County Fair—At Belfast, Oct. 4th and 5th.
West Washington—At Cherryfield Park, Sept. 27th, 28th and 29th.
West Penobscot—At Exeter, Sept. 27th, 28th and 29th.

Work lively at the haying while the sun shines but do not make too long days. The time to handle hay is while it is hot and dry from the sunshine.

Will Secretaries of the different agricultural societies send us the date fixed upon for their annual exhibitions. We are desirous of making our list complete at an early date.

Help for the hay field is scarce and hard to obtain. In some cases the harvest will be delayed on that account. The introduction of machinery to the work of the hay harvest is hardly able to keep up with the shrinkage in the number of laborers left in the rural towns.

The great St. Albans, Vermont, creamery, destroyed by fire a few weeks since, is being rapidly rebuilt from it former foundations, the chimney and walls being uninjured by the fire. The new building will soon be ready for work again. The building and machinery were fully covered by insurance. The stockholders lose something from interruption of their business. The patrons lose no money but of course lose on their milk for a few days while the company were preparing to handle it again. The experiment station leased a couple of separators and a butter worker for temporary use. The business of the concern is now going on though under disadvantages.

The butter market has a very encouraging outlook. Prices have been well up during the season thus far with a recent advance of one cent a pound firmly sustained. This is remarkable at a season usually of flush supply. So for this summer there has been no considerable accumulation of supply of June make, and comparatively little has been put in cold storage. Without being able to account for the fact, there is a short supply of the article. Our State factories have none, in store and can no more than fill current orders. The last week in June the butter supply of New York was 20,000 tubs short of the same week a year ago, while for the month of June the supply was 80,000 packages short of last year. With substantially no accumulations at this date there can be none of any account during the summer, for the time is only a month ahead when cows begin to shrink. With only current receipts to draw upon, prices must be well sustained through the autumn months. This condition must be followed with a lively market and high prices through the winter. Our State dairymen should prepare for this and be ready with larger herds of cows to take advantage of the situation. Dairying is a reliable business.

How to Bud.

I want to do some budding to apple trees. Will some one give all the particulars in the *Farmer*, how it is done?

D. S. SEAVEY.

Budding is an easy method of changing the stalk of a young tree to any variety desired. The process is very simple, is easily learned, and is a most pleasant and interesting operation to any one who loves horticultural work. Boys, and girls as well, can learn to do the work when quite young, and will find it attractive.

The above inquiry is for apple stalks. The only tool required is a budding knife. This is usually a knife, of the size of a medium pocket knife, with a cutting blade in one end and a short bone blade in the other, with the end drawn down to a smooth edge. Material for tying is usually prepared from the inner bark of the basswood tree, peeled and softened by "rotting" for a time under water. Cut into lengths of twelve to fifteen inches, and peel or strip it up into thin strips one-third inch wide. This material is strong, yet soft and pliable. For work in a small way, woolen yarn may be used, or cotton warp. Soft matting that will answer the purpose is sometimes to be found at grocers in which imported goods have been wrapped.

With apple trees, the time to do the work, in this State, is usually in the early half of September. There are two conditions that must govern the time: the buds to be set must be sufficiently developed, and the bark of the stalks to be operated upon must slip easily. This time varies with the season. The stalks must be in a thrifty, growing condition, in order to insure success.

For buds, select a well matured scion of the kind wanted of the present year's growth, and on which the buds at the base of the leaf stems have made such development as to be quite plump and prominent. A careful examination of different twigs will plainly show the distinction. Snip off the leaf, leaving the stem adhering to the bud a half inch long for a handle.

The stalk to be budded should be a thrifty young tree in its second or third year's growth. Select a smooth place in the bark, three to six inches from the ground. With the sharp knife slit the bark through to the wood, straight up and down the trunk, one inch in length, and at the upper end of this slit make a cross cut of a third of an inch in length. Then take the scion from which the bud is to be cut, place the knife a quarter of an inch above the bud, and with a drawing movement slice off the bud, gradually going deeper to the base of the bud, and then again tapering to the surface a half inch below the bud. The depth cut should be only sufficient to take in just a taper of the wood under the bud, and extending a trifle above and below the bud. With the bone blade of the budding knife inserted into the slit cut into the bark of the stalk to be budded, lift the bark slightly from the wood, and without bruising either the bark or the silver coating on the wood. This operation can be done with the blade of a common pocket knife, by using due care. Taking the bud by the projecting leaf stem, insert the lower point of the bud between the lips of bark on the stalk at the cross cut, and slip it down under the bark till the bud is a third of an inch below the cross cut, where the bark will then hold it. Take a strip of the prepared bark, and at its middle place it around the stalk at the lower extremity of the slit in the bark, and then with both ends wind upward, carrying the wound in the bark and gently drawing the lips down to a bearing, passing the bud and leaving the leaf-stem and the bud uncovered, and continuing till the upper cut of the bark is fully covered, where the bandage should be knotted in a bow knot. This bandage should be taut enough to draw the bark down around the bud air-tight.

In two weeks' time after the buds were set, make an examination. If the operation was successful, the bark will have healed, and the bud will have enlarged its growth. In such case the bandage must be loosened to make room for the enlarged growth, but had better be re-tied and left on till spring.

The next spring before growth begins, an examination will show all living buds. The stalk should now be cut off by placing the knife on the opposite side from the bud, and just above the point of the cross cut in the bark, making an upward cut so that the knife will come out an inch above the bud. Remove all bandages. The bud will now take the full strength of the stalk, and make rapid growth. Where buds do not take, no injury results, and the tree will go on with its growth. After the growing bud has attained a growth of twelve to fifteen inches, as it soon will, it is a good plan to stake and tie them to prevent their blowing off in any gale that may occur.

We have described the operation as applied to apple trees. It may be applied to other trees, and to shrubbery as well. Varieties of roses are propagated in this way. The operation is easily performed.

Business Methods Applied to Farming.

Admirers of Holstein stock have for several successive years found at the Eastern Maine Fair at Bangor, a fine herd of this stock shown by Mr. Henry Boardman of that city. The herd has also been shown once at the State Fair at Lewiston. Mr. Boardman has a business position in the city that absorbs the chief part of his time, but having a love of stock, and an appreciation of land, of late years has given some attention to farming. His farm is located on Forest Avenue, just out of the busy streets of the city, and consists of some fifty acres of characteristic Bangor clay loam, powerful in its production when well handled, but of little value under neglect or bad management.

Having an hour of liberty in the city a few days since, Mr. Boardman kindly took us in his carriage and showed us his farm and stock. The entire farm is in grass. It is a pleasing sight to look upon the broad acres laden with their burthen of this greatest of Maine's crops just bursting into bloom and nearly ready for the mower and the hay makers. The crop on these fields was strong, thick and heavy, and will harvest an average of two tons to the acre. Barn manure is the cause of it, and the owner applies it freely and gets well paid for his liberal treatment. He has no compliments for the commercial manures on the market for the raising of grass.

But it is of the stock more particularly that we wish to speak of at this time. Of course a farm located as this is would be devoted to milk production. Mr. Boardman recognized the importance in the outset of good milking stock for this work, and selected the Holstein. He purchased several head of pure bred, among them a fine bull, and from them has been breeding up a herd of both pure bred and grades, till he now has fifty head of the stock all finely marked, the grades be so high blooded as to be hardly distinguishable. About twenty cows are kept in milk. There being no pasture at the farm, these are kept at the barn the year around, and fed from the bounty of grass growing in the fields. An ample yard affords room for exercise, while their quarters in the barn are airy and well ventilated. The herd was showing in excellent condition and in perfect health. All the young stock except calves taking milk were away at pasture.

Mr. Boardman has a line of select customers for his milk, who are supplied fresh from the cows twice a day. From his surplus, when he has it, a fine article of butter is made, every modern facility for the making of a choice article being provided. It is no use, he says, to try to do anything of the kind without keeping fully up with the march of progress that is going on in these matters. Mr. Boardman's customers may rest assured they are being supplied with an article pure, healthy and fresh.

But it is more particularly to business methods that we wish to refer. Mr. Boardman gives the same care and attention to the details of his farm business that is required in a business in town. Daily records are kept of each cow's production, so that at any time it is known just what each cow is doing toward the common business. In the same way all supplies for the family are charged up at the market values. Very little time is required in these details when proper provision is made for it. It is mostly a matter of attention rather than of cost. With spring scales in the cow stable it takes but a moment's time to weigh and record the milk from each cow. Hay scales are set in the barn floor and the weight taken of every load of hay as it is drawn in from the field. In this way certainty takes the place of guesswork.

Mr. Boardman does nothing for mere fancy. All his work is conducted with a rare common sense that looks to results rather than show. In his breeding of Holsteins he wants a good, healthy animal rather than a popular pedigree. The pedigree is well if it has a useful animal to go with it. He has been successful in bearing off honors at the fairs, yet he never "fits" an animal for show. His exhibits are simply drafts from the stock as it is found in its every-day work on the farm. That he has a herd of valuable animals the honors won at fairs in competition with other herds amply testify, and the milk records at the farm fully prove.

Clinton and Its Hay Fields.

Probably there is no town in the State that has so large a proportion of its full area in grass fields as does the town of Clinton, in this county, and it is quite certain there is no other town in the State that can match it in the quantity of hay produced in the town. In agricultural capacity it is a good town in all respects, its soil being productive, generally free from stones, lays in gentle swells, and stretches away unbroken into broad fields and extensive areas. The higher of these lands are excellent for general cropping, and on them are to be found growing, at this time, fine fields of grain, corn and potatoes, though these crops are not on nearly so large a scale as are the hay fields. With these high lands are extensive tracts of low and flat lands, plow lands, yet too wet for any other crop but grass.

It was our pleasure to drive over this fine farming town last week, Thursday and Friday. Haying had already been commenced, and the fine weather for the week made things lively. Here was an illustration of modern methods in haying. With the mercury trying to reach a hundred in the shade the poetry of haying may be a little obscure to the operator, but whether set to rhyme or prose, much of the former hard work of the hay field is now unknown, while the rapidity of the work on such fields as spread out in the town of Clinton, is truly surprising. The horses now do the work, and between the six-foot Buckeyes, the Yankee and Champion rakes, and the horse-power forks, the broad acres were being cleared of their burthen of Timothy and clover as if by magic, and with but few men engaged in the work.

This rapid work becomes necessary where so much is handled by a single farmer. Here are farms with one, two and three hundred acres of upland grass all to be covered in three weeks time. Among the large hay farmers in town may be named J. E. Stewart, G. M. Stewart, Daniel Cain, W. I. Cain, James Low, William Cain, W. H. Leavitt, W. H. Richardson, Alfred Richardson, Gideon Wells and others with farms but little less in area.

Such farms of course bring large incomes and as a result there is a large average wealth among the farmers of this thrifty town. Plenty and prosperity abound on every hand and bring with them a large measure of that contentment and happiness which may well be felt by the owners of such farms as are found in the town of Clinton.

The nursery and floral interests in the United States now reach a value of nearly $43,000,000 and claim to occupy an area of more than 170,000 acres.

Better Roads.—An Important Step.

The Massachusetts legislature, before its adjournment, took an important step toward solving the problem of better roads and how to secure them. As the question is discussed and its bearings considered, more and more it has been seen that the vastly greater expense the construction of good roads involves cannot be borne by the towns alone through which they pass. Especially is this true of the strictly rural towns with their limited taxable property. The Massachusetts legislature has taken hold of the problem in a manner showing that it comprehends the situation. By its action it has provided that the Governor shall appoint three persons, one of whom shall be a civil engineer, whose terms of office shall expire on the first Wednesday of February in the year 1893, to consider what legislation is necessary for the better construction and maintenance of the highways in that commonwealth.

The said commissioner is ordered to investigate the best and most practical method of construction and maintenance of highways, and the estimated cost of the various methods and systems; the establishment of State or county highways; also the geological formation as far as it re.ates to the material suitable and proper for road building.

The commissioner may employ experts and other assistants and incur reasonable expenses up to $10,000.

The county commissioners, boards of selectmen and aldermen, and other officers having authority over public ways, roads and bridges throughout the commonwealth shall, on request, furnish the commissioners any information required by them concerning the public ways, roads or bridges within their jurisdiction.

The Governor appointed as the commissioners Mr. W. S. McClintock of Chelsea, a civil engineer of experience in road building, Prof. S. N. Shaler of Harvard University who combines experience in geology and practical judgment, Mr. George A. Perkins of Cambridge, president of the league of American wheelmen. The Governor's council confirmed Messrs. McClintock and Perkins.

There is thought to be no doubt of the confirmation of Prof. Shaler for the third member.

The Crops.

The discouraging outlook of a few weeks ago for crops in the Northwest, occasioned by the floods of rain, seems to be fully offset by favorable conditions in other sections of our broad country. The following encouraging information from the Southwest comes from Abilene, Kansas: "Corn is in splendid condition throughout Central Kansas, while oats, though short, will make a good crop. The only thing lacking is workers. If help cannot be secured more liberally than now appears, much grain will waste before it can be gathered. Throughout Dickinson, Saline, Clay, Ellsworth and McPherson counties, the cream of the wheat-raising section of the State, the crop is magnificent. The plant is five feet in height in most fields. The heads are well filled and the grain will grade much higher than last year. The best farmers estimate the crop at 50 per cent. better in all respects than last year. As the acreage is very large it means a prosperous year for the farmers. There are yet several hundred thousand bushels of old wheat in the farmers' hands unsold."

A gentleman recently returned from Texas is quoted in a daily paper to this effect: "I have been pretty much over the State and never saw such a corn crop. There are ten acres to one last year on account of discouraged cotton-raisers. The crop is now made, most of it being too hard for roasting ears. Oats are turning out from threshing-machines sixty to eighty bushels per acre. I think the increased acreage in corn in Texas, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Oklahoma will more than offset any shortage there may be in the regular corn States."

The fact is, our country is so broad and made up of such a diversity of climate and of such conditions that it is hardly probable there can be a serious shortage any year in any of the great staple products.

Balanced Rations.

The Illustrated Journal of Agriculture (Canada) says: Sir J. B. Lawes has often shown in his writing how impossible it is to follow out in practice what is known among theorists as the nutritive ratio; yet in the feeding of his 190 cows he has been feeding according to the principles of true science. The true theory seems to us as follows: "Give your animal such digestible food as will produce what you aim at, be it lean or fat meat, wool, milk, butter, or cheese, eggs, etc.,—or animal labor of various kinds—fast or slow, heavy or light, etc. Purchase such food in the cheapest market; that is from such material as will give you the digestible elements of food needed, at the lowest cost. Then prepare your rations so as to give your animal what it needs fully, in the proportion required to obtain the results you aim at, and no more. That is the perfect doctrine. Only let us say respecting what is called the nutritive ratio, that its fallacy appears to us in the fact that too many theorists mix up the carbohydrates proper with the fat, making no distinction, as if carbohydrates could form fat, and then advise so much of the mixture to so much of albuminoids, say one of the latter to one of the former. In opposition to this fallacy, Jules Crevat has demonstrated that carbohydrates proper, or what he denominates under the general term of sugar, must not be fed in view of producing anything else but heat, or vital power—and never in considerable excess—and that vegetable fatty matter must either be fed direct, or obtained from digestible nitrogenous food,—which alone can be transformed by the animal, either into heat or flesh, or fat. Of course, all agree that fat produces heat, and therefore the only point at issue is in the false supposition that pure carbohydrates (outside of fat) can be transformed into fat."

VICE-PRESIDENT MORTON'S GUERNSEYS. At the forthcoming Columbian Dairy Exhibition at Madison Square Garden, New York, in October next, farm butter and creamery products will pour in from all the well-known dairy States. Even at this early date Professor Cheesman, who has in charge that department of the Exposition, is receiving applications from New England, New York, and the great creamery State of Iowa.

Already Vice-President Morton has promised to exhibit his superb herd of Guernseys and to make up in the working dairy the products of their milk.

Negotiations with breeders of Ayreshire, Holsteins and Jerseys are now in progress, to exhibit their thoroughbred cattle, and to give public demonstrations of butter making every day during the Exposition. The names of the exhibitors are already well known in New York among the patrons of extra fine farm made butter. The public may witness regularly the manufacture of some of the choicest butters which are sold in N. Y. City.

New York now has a law which makes it a misdemeanor to sell or offer for sale as pure any diluted or adulterated food, drug or medicine for man or beast. Adulterating maple, honey, beet or cane sugar or syrup with glucose is put in the same category. The bill goes into effect on September 1, next.

Maintaining the Fertility of Orchards.

As orchards increase, one of the important matters connected with the business is the keeping up of their fertility to that degree necessary to their profitable production. This is becoming one of the problems connected with fruit growing in this State. At the winter meeting of the Western New York Horticultural Society, Prof. Roberts of Cornell University gave a valuable lecture on "Maintaining the Fertility of Orchards," the more important parts of which we reproduce from the *Country Gentleman:*

"The products of cultivated land are not usually in any sense the measure of the amount of plant food which it contains, nor the amount that may be liberated by scientific culture. In farm vernacular fertility means production, whereas it should mean the amount of plant food which can be profitably set free by the best methods. To the orchardist the amount of plant food which the trees can get out of the land is practically the true measure of the fertility of that land.

After being fully grown the roots of an orchard occupy very fully the entire ground, and the feeding roots are confined to the same soil from which they have been feeding for the last fifteen or twenty years. At this time, also, the roots have extended themselves nearly as far into the subsoil as they will go, on account of its chemical and physical condition.

How best to get the orchard grown to the time when it is in full bearing? Of course the land should be reasonably dry; if only slightly so the soil may be thrown up and into ridges as wide as the rows of trees are to be apart, especially if the plan is not to drain the land until after the trees have begun to bring in an income. The soil should be plowed deep and often; if thrown into ridges or lands, the subsoil plow should be used freely in the bottom of the dead-furrows. If the land has a tendency to be poor and sandy, it should be plowed four times, but not later than the middle of September. With this start, for the next 10 to 15 years, according to the age of trees planted, enough plant food for can easily be set free by shallow plowing, cultivating, and by the use of plants.

Many a young orchard is ruined by overfeeding with manures, as well as by starvation, while the soil contains an abundance of food for all necessary growth. The trouble in this case is that the orchardist lacks both skill and forethought. The same is too often treated as the unwise dairyman treats his cows, which are fed to repletion when young, and semi-starved at maturity when the demand for food is great, especially if a large surplus product is to be secured; by such treatment both alike are greatly injured, the tree not less than the animal. Healthy, continuous, hardy growth, and not too much stimulating nitrogen, is what is wanted in both cases.

Naturally, when the orchard begins to fruit, there will be an extra demand on the soil for food, and this must be met quickly and in a liberal way if superior fruit is to be secured; if this is not furnished the fruit diminishes both in quality and quantity, while the tree becomes an easy prey to its enemies.

Of course, an apple orchard cannot well be kept under the plow all the time when in bearing, because of the inconvenience of gathering the fruit on the broken surface in the wet fall months. Then clover should be raised as far as possible in the orchard, and it is not necessary to plow it up often to do this, as clover "catches" on sparsely-seeded land, nearly as well with a scarifying of the surface with the harrow as with plowing. The clover roots, with a little yard manure, will usually provide sufficient nitrogen.

To reach the best results, the quantity raised on a tree should not be large, but the quality should be of the best. We fail to quickly comprehend that quality is nearly everything, but that numbers flood and ruin the market. Is it not possible to trim the orchard by the same rules which are observed in trimming grape vines? Where allowed to grow as they please, vines never produce any really fine fruit, but when we learned to control their growth, the value of the fruit increased a hundred-fold at least, while the keeping qualities of the limbs upon which they grow? Is it true that the apples are improved by transporting the plant-food which produces them through 80 feet of root and branch before they receive it or is the soil of the orchard being unnecessarily drawn upon by growing too much timber?

The course above outlined implies that the trees have not been unnecessarily stimulated by manure, or otherwise; that they have made a steady, healthy growth, and would come into bearing early; this has been done from the plant-food already in the soil, which has been liberated by intelligent culture.

The amount and kind of food furnished to the bearing orchard should be studied as carefully as is the food of a high-grade cow. As with most plants, an orchard is liable to have too much nitrogen in the plant food except potash, phosphoric acid nitrogen, and it cannot respond in fruitfulness without a full supply of digestible plant-food; but how shall this be secured? Shall it be by the liberal use of dressing of fertility wanted by purchasing commercial fertilizers, or by purchase of cattle, food and animals, and through them secure the desired elements in the form of farm manures?

If the orchard contains ten acres it will carry 100 sheep from May to October, provided one-fourth of their food be furnished to them. The ten acres of bran or cotton seed oil meal. One hundred sheep, weighing 80 lb. each, will require for one-fourth of their daily sustenance one-half pound of meal per head. If these animals take 10 per cent. of the manurial value of their food, and no more. That is the perfect doctrine. Only let us say respecting what is called the nutritive ratio, that its fallacy appears to us in the fact that too many theorists mix up the carbohydrates proper with the fat, making no distinction, as if carbohydrates could form fat, and then advise so much of the mixture to so much of albuminoids, say one of the latter to one of the former. In opposition to this fallacy, Jules Crevat has demonstrated that carbohydrates proper, or what he denominates under the general term of sugar, must not be fed in view of producing anything else but heat, or vital power—and never in considerable excess—and that vegetable fatty matter must either be fed direct, or obtained from digestible nitrogenous food,—which alone can be transformed by the animal, either into heat or flesh, or fat. Of course, all agree that fat produces heat, and therefore the only point at issue is in the false supposition that pure carbohydrates (outside of fat) can be transformed into fat."

VICE-PRESIDENT MORTON'S GUERNSEYS. At the forthcoming Columbian Dairy Exhibition at Madison Square Garden, New York, in October next, farm butter and creamery products will pour in from all the well-known dairy States. Even at this early date Professor Cheesman, who has in charge that department of the Exposition, is receiving applications from New England, New York, and the great creamery State of Iowa.

Already Vice-President Morton has promised to exhibit his superb herd of Guernseys and to make up in the working dairy the products of their milk.

Negotiations with breeders of Ayreshire, Holsteins and Jerseys are now in progress, to exhibit their thoroughbred cattle, and to give public demonstrations of butter making every day during the Exposition. The names of the exhibitors are already well known in New York among the patrons of extra fine farm made butter. The public may witness regularly the manufacture of some of the choicest butters which are sold in N. Y. City.

New York now has a law which makes it a misdemeanor to sell or offer for sale as pure any diluted or adulterated food, drug or medicine for man or beast. Adulterating maple, honey, beet or cane sugar or syrup with glucose is put in the same category. The bill goes into effect on September 1, next.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

South Franklin Notes.

Editor Maine Farmer: The unusual amount of rain which fell during the latter part of June sadly interfered with the customary use of the cultivator and hoe among the field crops. But the clearing weather of July 4th, followed by several very fine days for weeding, enabled them to "catch up" with their work in this line. Meanwhile, grass in the mowing fields had been thickening wonderfully at the bottom, and when the second week in the month opened with so much of sunshine and warmth, the teams and implements, which had been put in readiness for the harvest, were promptly put to work, and it is doubtful if ever a like amount of fine hay was secured in the Sandy River Valley, and adjacent localities, in the same length of time, at the early part of the harvest, as was housed this present week.

It may not be wise to make an estimate of the yield at this time, but it will probably fall below the crop of last year; but the quality is good, and but little fear is expressed in regard to rust, and the shrinkage in curing is much less than was expected, so much of the growth having been made in the shade. On the whole, therefore, with favorable weather to continue, the feeding value of this important crop will not fall far below the average year.

Grain is making a very good growth, and early sown pieces are heading finely. Grass seed germinated well, and were it not for the wild mustard with which the seed was mixed, these fields of rapidly perfecting grain would be most beautiful to look upon.

Corn is small, but this charming weather is giving it a boom, and it is also hatching myriads of larvæ from the eggs of the beetles, which will give potatoes an unhealthy look unless attended to promptly and thoroughly.

Fruit holds well to the tree, and although Baldwins may be scarce, other standard varieties will make up the deficit.

Chesterville, July 15. C. E. W.

For the Maine Farmer.

More Good Stock.

Harrison Guptill, Porter, formerly of Cornish, among the best farmers in town, has a stock of cattle hard to beat, these times. He has some nice grade Durham cows from which he raises his white-faced steers. He has a pair of oxen, 5 years old, an inch or two apart in girth, well matched, and good workers in any place. He also has a pair 3-year-olds, about 6ft., 2 in., a remarkably nice pair; a pair 2-year-olds, nearly 6 feet in the line, another good pair, and is raising a pair this year. But few better farm teams can be found in the State than Mr. Guptill has.

A. R. Hill, Brownfield, is among the largest farmers in Oxford county, keeping from 75 to 100 head of cattle. He formerly had Durhams, but is at present grading with thoroughbred Devon blood, which he considers a good grade for general purpose stock. Mr. Hill has a very nice set of farm buildings, his barn being something more than 100 feet in length, modern style, with a cellar under the whole; another barn of the same size is being built the present season. He cuts about 100 tons of English, and from 60 to 75 tons of meadow hay.

C. E. Smith, East Fryeburg, both farmer and lumberman, has a remarkably nice pure bred Holstein bull, the grades from which are very nice shaped and very thrifty. Mr. Smith is confident that they do decidedly better on the same feed than his old stock. He also has a cow and 2-year-old heifer, pure bred, of the Carville stock, very nice animals.

S. R. & H. A. Millett, Norway, still have a good stock of white-backs, including nine pairs of steers, four years old and younger. They have a very nice pure bred Hereford cow from the herd of E. A. Holmes, late of Oxford, and from her a pure bred yearling bull, standing at the head of the herd, a good one. They also have a very nice steer calf from this cow, 4 feet in the line at 4½ months old. He is red, with white face, white shoulders, white feet and white tip; they would sell, or buy a mate.

G. H. Jones & Son, Sabattis, have a herd of nearly twenty head, all white heads, eleven being pure bred. They have the bull Royal Grove 35848, 5 years old, Sir Rodney 42636, 2 years old, and a bull calf; would like to sell or exchange one for one of a different strain of blood. They have a cow which they bought three years ago last October, from which they have a progeny of seven head, six heifers and one bull. The cow is due to calve again in September. The Messrs. Jones are still believers in Hereford stock.

H. J. Allen, Turner, still has his big Durham oxen, good for business of any kind, especially on the drag. They are a good pair, well made and well matched. The veteran "pulling man," Wm. Warren of Scarboro, called them good ones on the drag when he owned them, and they are still as good as ever.

J. W. Andrews, Waterboro, has a stock of 14 head, Holstein and Jersey grades. His oxen, good ones, 5 years old, are 7 ft., 3 in., in the line; a pair of Holstein grade 3-year-old steers, well made and well matched, are something more than 6½ feet. He is raising three calves this year. His best Jersey cows make 1½ pounds, or more, of butter a day. C. S. A.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Ton of Hay.

As far as the cost of cutting a ton of hay is concerned, it depends largely upon location to the barn, condition of the fields, and the kind of weather and the kind of help. Until the last ten years, I have cut mine with help by the month and by the day. My books show that it cost me, everything included, $2.50 per ton. For the last ten years I have let the cutting by the job, and it cost me $2.00 per ton. As I press the most of it, I have been better able to know the amount cut. It looks now, as far as I have seen in Vassalboro, that the crop will be one-third less than last year.

H. G. ABBOTT.

Horse Department.

Coming Events.

Waldo Horse Breeders' Association, summer meeting, Aug. 24 and 25, at Belfast.
Elmwood Park, Kennebunk, Aug. 10 and 11, and Oct. 12 and 13, F. A. Carlton, *Sec'y.*

Belle Hamlin and Globe have broken the double team record, 2.12, by trotting a mile at Rockwood, Del., in 2.12.

John Gibbs has been driving Daisy Ledo, by Ledo, in 2.33½, with something to spare. There ought to be a candidate for the list very soon.

Mr. D. M. Foster, Canton, has sold his interest in the gamey trotting mare Theeds to the proprietor of The Colt Farm, Auburn, and she will be added to Mr. Cushman's string of good ones.

Breeding is an experiment, but when a good union is secured every consideration should direct its continuance. In this way only can the element of uncertainty be in any degree eliminated. Drifting about year after year can give no permanent satisfaction.

Have an eye out for the entries for the August races. There ought to be some record breaking at Fairfield the first week, and so on through the month. Augusta Park, which scored a big success July 4, will open again Aug. 23-27, with an attractive list of purses. Good racing from now until the middle of October.

Something must be done to check the inbringing of so many horses. This seems strange doctrine, but it is sound. The extreme West is finding its best market in the East, and in return, we are sending none across the continent. Our people want good stock and will have it. If it isn't bred here it will be called in. The only way to stop the drift is by improving the horse supply. In three ways this can be done, by better breeding, better feeding, and better education. Along these three lines the course is laid and must be followed. The wonderful growth of the past has been the natural result of this same line of work, and the future promises nothing less.

If ten dollars' worth of oats fed to a colt the first year of its life will help put it in shape for the market one year earlier than fifteen dollars' worth when three years old, it is good business management to furnish it is good business management to furnish the oats, and if the same amount will insure a larger, stronger, healthier frame, then surely it will pay. The facts are, the men who are making the most are feeding the mares so as to get all the milk possible, and, in addition, giving the colts all the oats they will eat. Pasture feed alone will not suffice in these days of rapid growth and development. The bony formation must be strengthened by the addition of bone and muscle forming food. It's hard work to break in upon old customs, but if necessary in order for profit, then there is no other course open. If we are breeding for fun it is nobody's business, but if for dollars, then the conditions underlying success must be followed.

The milking traits of the Holsteins, the ability to produce one thousand, and more, pounds of butter as shown by the Jerseys, the speed of a Nelson, Sunol, Palo Alto, Allerton, Nancy Hanks, or others, or the wonderful lifting power of the Shires and Clydesdales, all these are unnatural. They have been evolved by intelligent men, who, by close application, by dint of study and perseverance, have been for centuries conquering first one obstacle after another until the present. There is no element of chance in this. It is but the equivalent of energy and thought given by individuals. These conditions are none of them fixed qualities. To be maintained an infinite amount of skill is necessary, and to be increased much more is called for. Every man who breeds an animal becomes a factor in building or demolishing. We enjoy the fruits of others' labors when we are giving of the best we have. Nothing else will suffice.

Watch a well built, blocky draft horse move

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, July 21, 1892.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

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Collectors' Notices.

MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in Franklin county.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our subscribers in Washington and Hancock counties.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Burnham, is an authorized Agent of the *Farmer*.

A gentleman came to a rural town to spend his vacation. But, alas! his name did not appear among the personals of the local newspaper, and thereafter life became a burden—his vacation was spoiled.

In some portions of the province of Quebec prayers are being offered for rain, while in other portions supplications are made for a cessation of an excessive down pour. And so the Lord has to do as he has a mind to!

Hon. A. R. Bixby of Skowhegan, one of the building committee of the Maine World's Fair Commission, has just received a letter from the architect stating that the work is progressing finely. The foundations are all in, and the walls are up to the second story.

The Republican National Committee did Mr. Joseph H. Manley of Augusta the honor, at its recent meeting, of offering him the chairmanship of the committee. Mr. Manley declined the offer promptly, on account of the pressure of his other business. Thomas H. Carter of Helena, Mont., was chosen to the place.

It is understood that the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad bonds will be sold in blocks of a hundred thousand. The American Express will take two hundred thousand, Livingston of New York one hundred thousand, Treat, the contractor, one hundred thousand, and Hiram Fogg of Bangor, one hundred thousand.

We have with the compliments of A. S. Bangs of this city, the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Maine. It has a full account of all the proceedings; and not the least interesting is the able address of Grand Chief Templar Bangs, in which he shows in a clear light some of the foes to the enforcement of the liquor law, and also the gratifying helps to temperance work.

What quantities of clover there have been this year. Drives through the country the past few weeks found a perfect paradise. It was most delightful to the lover of wild flowers, the air being heavily laden with the sweet perfume of the clover blooms, while the eyes could not fall of being charmed by the grand and variegated display of flowers, which it seems were never in such profusion as this year.

Mrs. Lucy Fayerweather, the widow of the well-known leather merchant, Daniel B. Fayerweather, died last night at Rutland, Vt. She was the wife of the well-known leather merchant, who left bequests amounting to $1,000,000, to twenty-one different colleges and universities in all parts of the country, and the sum of $95,000 was divided among five hospitals. The whole of his fortune will now go to colleges and charitable institutions. Bowdoin receives $100,000.

A decision has been rendered by the Commissioner of Patents in the controversy between Thomas A Edison and Joseph W. Swan as to the right to a patent for an electric light carbon for incandescent lamps. The decision, which is in favor of Swan, was made on an appeal from the decision of the examiner-in-chief and rejecting priority of invention to Edison. This decision, therefore, declares that Joseph W. Swan is the original inventor of an electric light carbon, and not Edison.

If proof of good farming is wanted, go to some wide awake farmer who is sharp after the dollars. Gardner Allen of the Insane Hospital has just finished harvesting his strawberries and finds that from a little less than a quarter of an acre he has secured fifty-seven and a quarter bushels of berries. Figuring these at fifteen cents a quart and the gross income from this small lot is two hundred and seventy-four dollars and eighty cents. If now a quarter of an acre will pay such a sum why will not an acre do as well and two acres give a man a good income? Farming pays if attended to. Who says No?

State Superintendent of Schools, Hon. N. A. Luce, is sending out from his department to the executive committees of the several county educational associations a circular letter accompanied by a general programme and subjects for the meetings of these associations. In his letter the superintendent enjoins that the meetings should be widely advertised and that they be held where they can be most conveniently reached by the larger number of teachers. He also suggests the time of holding them, as he desires to be able to attend the meetings. Mr. Luce has gone to Somerset county to examine into the condition of the schools on the plantations.

On Aug. 17th next historic old Fryeburg Academy will celebrate its centennial. This is the school where Daniel Webster taught, and the people of the town take great pride in that fact. The exercises of the centennial will include an address by Rev. William D. W. Hyde, D. D., of Bowdoin College, of which the academy is a fitting school; an historical address, sketching the career of the academy, by Hon. George B. Barrows, one of the trustees, and a poem by John S. Colby of Lowell, an alumnus of the institution. Addresses are expected by Ex-Senators Felch of Michigan and Bradbury of Maine, cotemporaries of Webster in the United States Senate. Mr. Felch is also a graduate of the academy. Hon. William P. Frye will participate, representing the proprietors of that town, of which he is a lineal descendent. Mrs. Caroline Dana Howe is the author of the ode to be sung at the exercises.

We have received the catalogue of the premium list of the tenth annual exhibition of the Eastern Maine State Fair, to be held at Bangor on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 30th and 31st and Sept. 1st and 2d. Special premiums are offered for trotting, which will be the principal attraction of the show, excepting perchance the performance of Myrtle Peek. Entries for the Fair will close August 15th. Other entries will close on Monday Aug. 29th. Horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, poultry, agricultural, dairy products and other articles may be delivered on the grounds Saturday, August 27th, and Monday, August 29th, up to 6 P. M. at which time every animal and article to be exhibited should be in place and ready for exhibition. In all other departments articles should be delivered on the grounds and placed in position by Monday evening, August 29th.

As we sailed by Bath, the other day, we saw the fine steamer Frank Jones, which had just been turned out at the yards of the New England Company. On Wednesday its wheels made the first revolution, and everything worked to perfection. This is a side-wheel steamer and possesses all the modern improvements. The principal dimensions of the Jones are: length 250 feet on the water line, 37 feet beam, 13.6 deep and 62 feet over all, and about 1500 tons burden. The propelling power consists of an inclined compound engine of about 1800 horse power. The cylinders are 58 in. and 70 in. diameter, and the stroke is nine feet. There are two boilers of the Scotch return tube type. The engine will drive the boat at the rate of 14 miles per hour. The wheels have feathering peddles and are considerably smaller in diameter than on the old style boats, and will make about 35 revolutions per minute. There are accommodations for 480 passengers to sleep on board.

THE ISLE OF SPRINGS. One of the pleasantest places for a sweet and delightful resort on the coast of Maine, is the Isle of Springs, lying in Boothbay Harbor, and belonging in that town, eleven miles from Bath, from whence it is reached by regular lines of steamers. It contains one hundred acres, and was formerly the Swett farm. One of the early members of that family, whose bones now lie in the little cemetery, the grave-stone telling us that he died at the age of 90 years, was born on the island.

Four years ago, several gentlemen from Augusta, Lewiston, Auburn, and other places, seeing the advantages possessed by the island as a summer resort, purchased it, had a survey made and mapped it out into house lots, parks, avenues, squares, etc. An Association for business was formed, and the officers at present are: President, Dr. Orrin A. Horr of Lewiston; Vice President, Dr. E. A. Thompson of Dover; Treasurer, H. Wesley Hutchins of Auburn; Secretary, M. S. Campbell of Augusta; Directors, John W. Chase of Augusta, Dr. B. T. Sanborn of Augusta, G. M. Coombs of Lewiston, S. S. Hersey of Auburn, S. J. Gallagher of Calais, A. R. Savage of Auburn.

The Association bought three small adjacent islands, so that they might be able to control them, and having a natural desire to "own all that jines them." Besides the space allowed for squares, parks, reservations, etc., there are 249 lots on the island, 130 having been sold or bargained for. There has been a gradual development of the property, until now there are sixteen dwellings, with Casino, wharf, hotel, bowling alley and wharf house. There were two buildings on the island when it was purchased. The multitude of springs of pure water has given this resort its natural name. There are two wind-mills, one of which pumps the water into the hotel, which is piped and plumbed; the other pumps water to a stand-pipe, from whence it is drawn off to the various cottages.

Easy access may at all times be had to the island. It can be approached every day throughout the entire year. The mail arrives twice a day, the President of the Association having recently been appointed postmaster. As the government is clearing the channel between Bath and Boothbay, their vessels pass directly by the island, and boats land there many times during the day, passing to and from the islands below.

The new hotel, which is Queen Anne in its style of architecture, contains thirty nice, airy rooms. It is run in good shape by a committee of the Association, and excellent board by the day or week may be obtained there. Indeed, at the present time it has guests from Michigan, Kansas, New York and other States, besides those from this immediate vicinity. The hotel cost $6000, and it was money judiciously invested.

The Casino, recently dedicated, is an institution that the colonists don't see how they heretofore got along without. It is a large hall, with stage and fittings, and hard wood floor. Religious services are held here on the Sabbath, and dances, entertainments, etc., on week days and evenings. A fine orchestra has been improvised from the young ladies and gentlemen whose summer home is there. A commodious bowling alley furnishes another adjunct to the facilities for amusement. These two buildings,—the Casino and bowling alley, cost $1600.

Great pains have been taken in the construction of sidewalks. The town of Boothbay Harbor, of which the island is a part, returns all the taxes assessed for the building of roads and sidewalks. Capt. Robert Collomore has been appointed agent of the island, and constantly resides there, cultivating the farm and supplying the colonists. He furnished the guests at the hotel with new potatoes and green peas on the Fourth of July.

We noticed on our visit, Saturday, the elegant and tasty cottages of Messrs. Wing, Hussey, Hutchins, Sturgis, Horr and others, but were particularly pleased with that of Dr. B. T. Sanborn of this city, which is plastered, plumbed, and has every modern convenience. No wonder the Doctor delights to escape occasionally from the exactions of oppressive care, and flee to this haven of rest by the sounding sea. Neither has he been unmindful of the unfortunate wards committed to his care, for in a large common fronting his cottage are tables which are spread with good things when several times during the summer the steamboat brings here for a day's outing a large instalment of patients from the Insane Hospital. A blessed mission.

To say that we were pleased with the island, its two hundred residents, and all its appointments, would be to put it mildly. Just far enough out at sea to enjoy the healthful and exhilerating breezes, just far enough from the main land to be in easy touch with home and friends, occupied by a class of people whose standing in community cannot be higher, possessing a multitude of natural advantages, we predict a successful future for the Isle of Springs.

One of the industries which to-day calls for attention, and increase, and one which has in it sure promise of substantial returns, is that of sheep husbandry. While there may be a question as to the possible outcome of some other branches, there can be none as to this. Recognizing this fact, the Trustees of the State Agricultural Society have decided to increase the already liberal premiums for this class, and to offer, in addition, the following premiums for grade ewes:

For best pen, three in number, grade, long wool ewes, two years old	$4.00	$3.00	$2.00
For best pen, three in number, grade, long wool ewes, one year old	4.00	3.00	2.00
For best pen, three in number, grade, long wool ewe lambs	4.00	3.00	2.00

The same premiums for grade, middle wool, and grade, fine wool ewes.

In view of the fact that the Trustees long ago decided not to offer any premiums for grade males, it was thought best not to open any classes for grade bucks, but to encourage the breeding of a better class of ewes. Entries for all classes and purses close Aug. 23d. Entry blanks will be sent at once to all former exhibitors, and to any others wishing the same, application to be made to G. M. Twitchell, Sec'y, Augusta, Me. The officers will do all in their power to encourage the fullest exhibits in every department that the coming State Fair, Sept. 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, may be the most complete in the history of the Society.

THE SILVER BILL KILLED. Free silver got its death-blow, for this session, in the House of Representatives on Wednesday. The committee on rules reported a special order setting apart Wednesday and Thursday for the consideration of the Stewart free coinage bill, enacted by the Senate and the question was called up promptly at the opening of Wednesday's session. Two votes were taken. The first was on the adoption of the previous question. The second was on the adoption of the resolutions from the committee on rules setting apart two days for consideration of the free coinage bill. The motion for the previous question was defeated by a vote of 163 yeas to 120 nays. The resolution itself was rejected by a vote of 138 yeas to 154 nays. The aggregate of the vote on the motion by which the previous question was rejected was 292.

HOW IS THIS? It seems that correspondents of papers published outside the State, are allowed the special privilege of examining State documents and publications in the agricultural department, and drawing from them at pleasure, while still in the hands of the printers, and before any State papers are allowed to know of their contents. Of course, a State cares not to monopolize to itself alone all public matters, but may not its papers rightfully ask equal privileges with other States?

The recent action of Congress changing the date for the national public school celebration from October 13th to October 21st, is a step in the direction of scholarly accuracy, and it is remarkable that it should have been so long overlooked. If there is to be a national observance of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America it should certainly take place on the date which marks the true century-point.

During these torrid days, great is the suffering of the little ones in the tenement houses of New York city. "Let thy soul lend its ear to the weary cry of pain," says an Eastern adage, "like as the lotus bares its heart to drink the morning sun." A little contribution of only three dollars to The Tribune Fresh-Air Fund will send one of these suffering little ones into the country for two weeks of cooling rest.

AFTER TEN YEARS. It was ten years ago the present month that the Maine Press Association made its annual excursion to the Rangeley lake region. The party then spent the first night at Farmington, thence by the Sandy River road to Phillips, and from there by stage over the hills to Rangeley, where the party was divided up among several small hotels. One night was spent here and the next stopping place was the Mooselucmeguntic House at the head of the great lake. Two days were spent here, when the party crossed the big lake and the two Richardson lakes, and having dined at Middle dam, took steamer to the south arm, and from that point by buckboard, were conveyed to Andover where the night was spent. The next day home was reached by stage to Bryant's Pond, and then by rail. Notwithstanding there were some inconveniences in the way of small hotels, and a severe drenching when on the buckboards between the south arm and Andover, the excursion was pronounced a success. It was, however, not complete, because the Umbagog was not visited, the "lion in the way" being the long "carry" of nearly six miles along Rapid river, between the lower Richardson and the Umbagog lakes.

At the last winter meeting, the Association unanimously voted that the summer excursion of 1892 should be to the Rangeley lakes, the details of the trip being left with a committee to arrange, and on Monday, July 11, by the various connecting lines, the members met at Leeds Junction. It was not a large party, numbering only 33, but it was true to name, many of the leading papers in the State being represented. The improved conditions of travel over this route were made manifest when we were able to reach Rangeley by rail Monday night, and of hotel facilities, when the entire party were comfortably and satisfactorily provided for by landlord Marble, at the Rangeley Lake House, the same landlord Marble who provided for the party at Farmington, ten years ago.

The narrow guage road from Phillips to Rangeley is new, but it is in good condition and a very great convenience. A little episode, as we were passing over this road, in the twilight, amused and much interested our party. The train was signalled, and hauled up, when we were boarded by a lady with a rod in one hand and an immense string of trout in the other. It proved to be Miss Crosby of Phillips, who, knowing of our intended visit, had spent the day in fishing for our benefit, and the fruit of her day's toil was served up for us at the Rangeley Lake House, Tuesday morning. Miss Crosby is an adept at fly-fishing, and is familiar with all this lake region. She remained with us three days, and was of great help in pointing out objects of interest along the route.

Tuesday morning we boarded one of the staunch steamers, with which each of the lakes in this region is now supplied, and steamed away for Haines' Landing, our next tarrying place. On the way we called by invitation at an island called "Manerkootuk," owned and occupied by Mr. F. S. Dickson of Philadelphia, who has expended over $30,000 in beautifying the grounds and in building. We were shown over the grounds and through the house, which is a perfect gem of a cottage, by Mr. and Mrs. Dickson, and a half hour was very agreeably spent. Reembarking, we were soon at the landing and across the mile and a half carry to the Mooselucmeguntic House, where we were speedily supplied with rooms, and comfortably settled for our two day's tarry. In the afternoon, Capt. Fred C. Barker tendered the free use of his boat for the party to visit Camp Kennebago, the headquarters of the Oquosoxo Angling Association. The camp was unoccupied, save by the person in charge, who was our old friend Richardson, a pioneer in this region, and at the time of our visit, ten years ago, in charge of the Mooselucmeguntic House. This house has been much enlarged and improved since that time, and is well managed by the present incumbent, Mr. Horace A. Prescott, who, with his clerk, Mr. Nutting, and his family, including the schoolmistress, did everything in their power to make our stay agreeable, in which they admirably succeeded.

Wednesday forenoon, in the new steamer "Maysie," "Billy" Soule owner and master, we passed Senator Frye's camp on our left, and Camp Kennebago on the right, and crossing Cupsuptic lake, we passed into Cupsuptic river, probably the most tortuous navigable stream in the whole world. We followed up this river a distance of five miles to the falls, and the skillful way in which the master boat manager his craft through all the serpentine windings of this wonderful stream, was a marvel to the entire party. On the return passage, we made a brief stop at Soule's camp, situated on an island in the Cupsuptic, where he has facilities for accommodating a large party. He has several cottages, a principal house with large dining room, two steamers, and numerous boats of various sizes, and as he is the "prince of good fellows," his place is well patronized. About noon, while we were safely housed, there was a heavy shower which cooled the atmosphere, and in the afternoon we had a pleasant sail to Camp Bemis, presided over by Captain Fred C. Barker and his excellent wife. On the way we called at Mr. Barker's other place, "The Birches," situated on Student's island, and all things considered, in the opinion of our party, the finest place about the lakes. Several fine cottages have been built here, and the place is still under improvement. Camp Bemis is old and home-like, and a favorite resort for fishermen and tourists. Capt. Barker was born in Andover, a frontier town, and since his early manhood has lived about these lakes, at first engaged in guiding, hunting and fishing, and more recently in steamboating and entertaining. No man is better acquainted with this entire lake region than he, and he is thoroughly reliable.

Thursday morning we again boarded Mr. Barker's boat, "Metalluk," and steamed away across the great lake for the upper dam. This boat was named for the lone Indian, who long inhabited this region, and Mr. Barker has a smaller boat named "Ocsalloc," in honor of Metalluk's wife. At the upper dam, crossing a carry of half a mile, we reëmbarked on two small steamers for the trip across the Richardson lakes, known as the Mollychunkamunk and Wellokennebacook. This was accomplished in about an hour, and we were at the "Angler's Retreat" in season for an excellent dinner, of which trout served up in various ways, formed an important part. We had a restful and pleasant hour here. The facilities for entertaining have been much improved here, and under the excellent management of Mr. Percival is everything that can be desired. And here we were confronted by the "lion in the way," which had been a source of anxiety to some of us from the start. The distance to be traveled over between the Angler's Retreat and Sunday Cove, on the Umbagog, is by actual measurement, five miles and five-eighths, and had the use of a single buckboard for carrying baggage, and five seats for those who might tire out on the way, or who might choose to ride their proportional part. But the "lion" proved to be a very tame one; two-thirds of the party refused to ride at all, and for much of the distance, only one or two of the five seats were occupied at the same time. The atmosphere was so exhilerating that even invalids did not tire of walking, and when all were assembled at Sunday Cove no one seemed tired, and one enthusiastic young man who had gone ahead and had arrived first, went back two miles to meet the main party.

The steamer "Aziscoos" received us at Sunday Cove and took us across the north part of Umbagog lake to the Androscoggin, down which we sailed to the lower dam. The Androscoggin is the only river in Maine, and perhaps in the country, that is navigable for several miles downward from its source in Umbagog lake, and nowhere else. Soon after entering the Androscoggin, the Megalloway flows in on its right side, and materially increases its volume of water.

Arriving at the lower or Errol dam, we soon reached the Umbagog House, kept by Mr. W. A. Bragg, where ample accommodations were provided, and a good supper made every one contented and happy. In the evening teams arrived from Colebrook for the use of the party on the following day.

We left the Umbagog House at about eight o'clock Friday morning and turned our faces northward. Errol is an isolated town, but it was settled more than a hundred years ago, and there are excellent farms here. Among the best farms in town is the one owned and occupied by John Akers. The grandfather of the present incumbent, also John Akers, "marriner," married Esther Buck at Newbury, Mass., in 1779, and soon afterward moved into this wilderness, which he and his posterity have since occupied. The old log cabin first built, the moderate one-story frame house, next occupied, and the mansion house with all modern improvements, are still standing, and present object lessons in progress, the like of which are not often seen.

The road from Errol up Clear Stream is level to the foot-hills of the Dix mountains, and is settled for most of the way. The last farm before entering the notch is known as the Whittemore farm. The buildings are gone, and much of the once arable land is overgrown with bushes. Within a small enclosure are the graves of John Whittemore and wife Betsey. He was the first trader in the town of Rumford, and from there he moved to this spot, where he cleared and cultivated land, and kept a tavern for the accommodation of travellers between the Connecticut river and Portland, the road through the notch then being the principal thoroughfare. Another grave in the enclosure is said to be that of Russell, a famous smuggler, contraband trade once having been extensively carried on this route.

Dixville notch, which is soon entered, is about two miles long, and in entering it from either direction, there is first an abrupt rise and a corresponding fall. The scenery on both sides is grand almost beyond description. Leaving the notch, the Dix House is reached, where we spent a couple of hours and had an excellent dinner. This house is undergoing repairs and being enlarged, and later in the season will be first-class in all its appointments.

In the afternoon we followed down the Mohawk river, which passes through a pleasant and fertile valley, and about five o'clock reached the charming village of Colebrook, where we found excellent accommodations at the Monadnock House, kept by Mr. T. G. Rowan. Here we spent the night, and at six o'clock Saturday morning, took the cars for Portland by way of the Mountain Division of the Maine Central Railway. We reached Portland at 12.45 and dined together for the last time at Woodbury's restaurant in the Union Station. Here the party separated and went their various ways homeward, after having spent six enjoyable days together. At Colebrook, resolutions were passed, thanking the managers of the various railways, steamboat lines and hotels for concessions and accommodations which had so materially contributed to the success of the excursion.

The Rangeley and Umbagog lake region promises to become a popular summer resort. Its great height—not far from 2000 feet above the sea level—insures it a bracing air, while the balsamic odors everywhere exhaled from cone-bearing forests, afford relief and cure to those suffering from hay fever or other affections of the lungs. It is now easily accessible, and steamboat navigation affords facilities for traversing each of the lakes of the chain. The extension of the narrow guage road from Phillips to Rangeley, is an important step in developing this great summer resort, and the extension of the Coos division of the Maine Central is still greater. The building of the new hotel at Colebrook, the enlargement of the Dix House, the increased facilities for steamboat travel on the lower lakes, the improvement of the road across the Rapid river carry, and the general stimulus all along the route, are largely due to the opening of the back door to this great lake region by the extension of the Maine Central system up the Connecticut valley.

W. B. LAPHAM.

Augusta, July 18, 1892.

THE TROUBLE AT HOMESTEAD. The military force of the State is still in possession of the iron manufacturing village of Homestead, though no force has as yet been resorted to on their part. The Carnegie Company stands firm against the men, and refuses to agree to employ any of the strikers in their works unless they dissolve their connection with the Amalgamated Association.

Ever since the commencement of the labor troubles, Chairman Frick, in charge of the Carnegie works, has been in receipt of many letters from Anarchists and labor men threatening his life. The letters are all decorated with skulls and cross bones. Some threaten him with dynamite, and others say they will shoot him on sight. Mr. Frick says he is not in the least afraid.

On Monday the day of reckoning for the Homestead strikers began. Seven warrants were issued for the arrest for murder of men who Secretary Lovejoy of the company swears, were of the mob that took part in the battle. Monday night the first of the seven, Burgess John McLuckie, who was to an extent the counsellor of the mob was locked up in the Allegheny county jail. The other six will soon be taken into custody. This is only the beginning. The cameras that were used on the battlefield by the agents of the company, who were masquerading as workmen, are yet to be heard from. On the films in these cameras were imprinted the portraits of men who were seen in the act of shooting at the unfortunate men penned in the rat hole of a barge from which there was no hope of escape. These pictures have been developed, and the copies are now in the hands of men who need but to secure a little evidence to warrant more arrests, and they will be made. How many it is not possible to say. There may be a dozen, there may be more. One thing is certain, very few guilty men will escape.

On Tuesday, Gov. Pattison arrived, for the purpose of inspecting the troops. It is hinted that he is to inaugurate measures of arbitration between the two parties. In the meantime the Company is making repairs and has started up a portion of its works, employing 150 men, mostly new employés, with a large number of applications coming in.

POLITICAL. At the recent Aroostook county democratic convention, these nominations were made:

Senators, John Sweeney of Fort Kent, and Black Hawk Putnam of Houlton; Sheriff, Royal S. Cluff, Houlton; Judge of Probate, William T. Spear, Fort Fairfield; Register of Probate, Bertrand L. Fletcher, Houlton; County Treasurer, Herman Whitehead, Houlton; County Attorney, Calvin B. Roberts, Caribou; County Commissioner, Alexander Wilson, Linneus.

The democrats of Washington county have nominated the following officers:

Senators, William R. Kerr, Calais, and Joseph W. Driskо, Jonesboro; Clerk of Courts, George E. Mansfield, Jonesport; Sheriff, George R. Foster, Machias; Judge of Probate, William R. Pattangall, Machias-port; Register of Probate, William P. Magee; County Attorney, James H. Gray, Lubec; County Treasurer, Leander H. Crane, Machias; County Commissioner, Alonzo G. Steenas.

Receiver Beal of the Maverick Bank, Boston, on Monday received papers from Washington ordering the assessment of $400,000 on the stockholders of the bank. The assessment was drawn at 8 per cent. on the par value of the stock. Potter, Dana and French, bankrupt Maverick Directors, hold a large majority of the $400,000 worth of stock, and suits undoubtedly will be brought against them to recover the suit. Among the stockholders now to pay assessments are Mrs. H. P. Durrell of Kennebunk, who owns ten shares; Adaline Freeman, Wells, five shares; Trustees under will of E. P. Houghton, Eastport, six shares.

William A. Strickland of Athlia, Ohio, returned his pension check to Walburn & Crawshaw, attorneys, requesting them to return the check to the government. Strickland claims to have had a divine inspiration from the Lord, informing him that the pension money was a curse, and he desires to reject it as blood money, which he now does.

As harvest time is close upon us, farmers will desire to know where they can get the best and most enduring threshing machines. In this matter they will not resort to experiments, but will be likely to patronize those who are well known and reliable. We take pleasure in referring to the advertisement of Benjamin & Allen, of Oakland, which appears in our columns to-day.

MR. E. Call of East Exeter has a nice pair of four-year-old colts, and a pair of five-year-old colts; each of the four weigh 1200 lbs. The five-year-olds do all the work of the farm. They are all Percherons, sired by White Cloud. He has also a stallion four years old sired by White Cloud, of the same weight as the others.

Four different peaks in the mountains of Idaho are from 13 to 23 feet lower by actual measurement than they were 15 years ago.

THE LIQUOR SALOON. A respectable woman, whose husband spends much of his earnings in support of the saloons, instead of his family, gave the writer the names of a number of places where intoxicants are sold in our little community. She may have been correct or she may have been in error. But no doubt there are such places. What is more, they can be found more or less in neighboring municipalities. There is the genteel hotel, the elegant drug shop, the fancy restaurant, the corner grocery. They all belong to one family. If there is a difference it is in favor of the low drinking place, where some are ashamed to be seen. The more luxurious saloons and barrooms are the more dangerous to society. They furnish the first steps in the downward course to ruin, which inevitably ends in the dirty and degraded resort. The elegant and ornamented drinking house fits its customer for the next lower one, until there is no lower step for him to find.

We have a prohibitory law, and prohibition in the Constitution. We have all the paraphernalia of courts, officers, judges and juries. The machinery is sufficient, but it lacks the power to set it in motion. The law is executed spasmodically, but not steadily and efficiently. We have temperance societies and a temperance party. They meet and talk, and no doubt they do good to some extent. But none of them shuts up the saloons. The deadly traffic goes on. It is sometimes driven into holes and corners, and that is well. But where is the strong current of public opinion which should arise in its might and power and crush the foul business, and end it at once?

The eminent London physician, Dr. Richardson, says: "The sale of intoxicants is the sale of insanity, the sale of disease, the sale of crime, the sale of poverty." It is likewise the sale of misery to families, and of demoralization to society.

Not only is the saloon keeper guilty, but the real estate owner who lets him the building, is a participant in the crime. He knows better. He cannot be ignorant of the wicked work he permits to be done. He knows that no man pays a heavy rent for the purpose only of selling peanuts, tobacco and cigars. It is in vain that he puts a condition in his lease that no liquor is to be sold. He knows that liquor is to be sold, and that he is responsible for the consequences of the sale.

Let us candidly inquire, what is a liquor saloon? Is it one of the necessities of a community, like a shoe shop, a dry goods store, a hardware store or a bakery? Is it an establishment for the benefit of society? Is it one of the benevolent and charitable institutions of the country, intended and fitted to do good to mankind, to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, to heal the sick, to supply the legitimate needs of the suffering, to train up good citizens and useful members of society? Quite the contrary. The saloon keeper, for the price of a few coppers, ministers to the depraved appetite of the drunkard, knowing that every drink he sells him tends to sink him lower in the gulf of wretchedness. He exacts the money which should go to the support of his victim's wife and children, and with a conscience seared as with a hot iron, fills his own pockets with it. Like the spider enticing the fly, the liquor seller tempts his customer, perhaps the careless and unthinking boy, (your boy or mine,) and gives him his first, second or third lesson in dissipation, well knowing that it is the road to irretrievable ruin. What cares he that he is starting the boy on the downward course, that the high and flattering hopes of the parents are doomed to be blasted, that instead of the honorable and useful life they are hoping for for their child, he is inciting him to a life of vice and perhaps of crime? What cares he that the husband, the father or the son, by his intemperance destroys the domestic peace and happiness of the family, pierces the heart of the wife or mother with sorrow and anguish, and forever deprives their families of necessary food and clothing? What is it to him that the wife and her helpless children are sometimes driven out by his customer, his drunken victim, into the pitiless cold and storm? Why should he concern himself that the once pleasant household, where love and comfort prevailed, is rendered by the drink he supplies a scene of suffering and woe, and that the fiery and debasing liquid he furnishes his victim shatters his nerves, embitters his temper, undermines his physical strength, enfeebles his mind, and destroys his moral powers? What to him is all the train of miseries brought upon the drunkard and his family, and all the vice and crime inflicted upon society, by the intoxicating drink he sells? *He gets his two coppers.* For these he sells, not only the liquor he deals in, but his own manhood, his respectability, his standing in the community, his moral sense, and his immortal soul. The despicable price he receives, gratifies his selfish greed, but for it he sacrifices all that is valuable in himself for time and for eternity. If, as we are taught, there are demons or devils who delight in the misery and ruin of mankind, the saloon keepers are their appropriate and legitimate agents, and are engaged in the same nefarious business.

What are we as a community doing about this vile traffic, to check it, to put an end to it? We have a few feeble temperance organizations. They are better than nothing, but they apparently accomplish but little. We have churches and ministers, but do they speak out as they ought, in view of the indescribable miseries growing out of the drink traffic? We have political parties and conventions, nominations and elections; but do not some of us vote for unsuitable and unworthy candidates because our party nominates them? Christianity has been disgraced and hindered all these centuries, by Christians fighting each other instead of the enemy. So the war against intemperance and the saloon is disgraced and hindered by the conflicts of temperance men. When shall we see an end to these petty factional contests, and the united uprising of the people to close up these schools of vice and sources of human misery?

H. K. B.

ACCIDENTS. A valuable horse belonging to Alonzo Buzzel of Dayton was so badly cut by a mowing machine that Mr. Buzzel had to kill him.——Samuel Evans of Fryeburg, was thrown from his carriage and his shoulder broken. He is getting along as well as can be expected.——Henry Holland, the young son of Luke Holland, was drowned while bathing at Lisbon Falls, Thursday afternoon. His brother Henry was rescued nearly drowned.——Arthur W. and W. B. Ward of Levant, twin brothers, aged 8 years and 9 months, were drowned, Friday afternoon, while in swimming. The bodies were recovered.——Emma, the eight-year-old daughter of Mrs. Melinda Dunbar, Richmond, has been missing from home since Friday evening. Her hat was picked up in the river, near the town landing, Saturday morning. According to the story of Nellie Thoms, a playmate of the missing child, she was accidentally drowned from a boat at the steamboat wharf about 8 o'clock Friday evening. The Thoms girl did not make the fact known till Saturday afternoon.——George A. Stevens was drowned at Manchester, N. H., Sunday afternoon, while bathing in the Merrimac river. His parents reside in Maine.——John Looney of Calais, unmarried, and about 60 years old, was drowned while sailing in St. Andrew's harbor, Monday afternoon.——John Robbins and W. W. Mitchell were drowned at Bryant's Pond, Monday evening, while in bathing. Robbins belonged in Greenwood and was aged 21 years, and Mitchell belonged in Scotland, aged 35 years. Both were unmarried.——Wilbur A. Devereaux of the American Express, Boston, aged 30, on his vacation, was drowned at Orland while bathing, Tuesday. The body was found.——Tuesday, as the 10.30 train from Lewiston was coming into the village of Lisbon Falls, the engine ran over little Elsie Ravish, aged two and a half years. She appeared to have been playing on the track and was not seen in season to save her. The wheels passed over the body, passing through the abdomen, so that death was instantaneous.

GOOD WILL FARM. It has been decided that the house which stands on the land purchased by the Good Will Home Association in March last must be used for a school till the Cofomercial Travellers' building is ready for occupancy. The work of repairing the house, and making necessary changes will commence in a day or two. At the close of an address by Mr. Hinckley, at a union service in New Castle the other evening, the people pledged money to furnish the house with the forty desks which will be needed.

There is a great boom at Northeast Harbor, and it is almost impossible to get a room. Vice President Morton has applied for rooms for the summer, but could not be accommodated as there were not apartments to be had that were suitable for him.

Grange News and Notes.

—At a regular meeting of Resolute Grange No. 188, P. of H., the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, The Great Father has in His wisdom deemed it best again to break our ranks, and to remove our sister, Nellie Carr, to the celestial home; Therefore

Resolved, That in the death of Sister Carr the Grange has lost one of its faithful patrons, and her family a loving wife and daughter.

Resolved, That although her loved form has been taken from her friends, and they miss her sweet smiles and kind words, yet her memory will ever remain green in our hearts.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved husband and mother in their hour of sorrow, trusting that He who doeth all things well will support them in their great affliction.

I recommend that these resolutions be placed upon our records, a copy sent to the bereaved family, also that they be published in the *Piscataquis Observer* and *Maine Farmer*.

ELLEN B. STRSCOTT, } *Committee*
CARRIE BARTON, } *on*
WM. TUFTS, } *Resolutions.*

—Cascade Grange, Oakland, gave a leap year party at their hall, Saturday evening, the 9th, the ladies taking charge of the whole affair, inviting the gentlemen and providing a splendid literary entertainment, consisting of music, declamations, recitations and readings, during which ice cream and cake were served. The remainder of the evening was given to the young people, who spent it in playing games, and hoping the ladies would have with them another entertainment of the same kind. There were about one hundred and fifty present.

BURIED FORTUNE. For several weeks there has been fitting out at Portsmouth, N. H., a dredging squadron which has now moved into Long Island Sound for an interesting purpose. The squadron is moored at Hell Gate, almost opposite Morris Island, and its projectors intend to have $4,800,000 before they leave. They are after the famous wreck of the Hussar.

The story of the Hussar, as handed down from the Revolutionary period, is mighty interesting. The Hussar was a 32 gun ship, 205 feet in length, with a 58 foot beam. She reached New York on the 23d day of November in the year 1780. The Hussar and the warship Mercury had a fleet of merchant vessels under convoy, and served as carriers of gold sent by the British Government in payment of the troops then in rendezvous at New London, Conn. The Mercury carried £380,000 sterling, (mostly in British guineas.) The Hussar carried £80,000 sterling. The aggregate was £960,000, or $4,800,000 in American money. After the fleet had anchored in New York Harbor, the gold on the Mercury was transferred to the Hussar, and while the former remained to protect his Majesty the King's property, the Hussar set sail for New London. The captain was in a hurry, so he ventured to take the route through Hell Gate, instead of the longer but safer southern passage around Long Island. Hell Gate was a different place then from what it is now, and the danger of the water gap were heightened by an ignorance of the course. The captain had heard that a negro pilot had successfully steered a large frigate through the labyrinth of rocks, and he imagined he could do the same thing.

At best it was no ugly place, even for the lightest and smallest craft, but for such a heavily burdened and cumbersome ship of war as the Hussar it meant almost certain destruction to attempt the passage. But the captain was wise in his own conceit, and, after taking on board several poor creatures who were slowly dying on the prison ships, men whose only crime had been a revolt against British tyranny, he set sail and headed the ship for Hell Gate.

The American prisoners were manacled to the gun deck. The Hussar had great success in running the gauntlet until only a few rods separated her from open water. Then she struck heavily on a sunken reef not noted on the chart. The current was running swiftly and the crash opened a big seam in the ship's bottom. The recoil from the ledge sent her back into the current, and she was swept into the open water, sinking fast. All attempts to stop the leak were unavailing. The only chance for salvation was in beaching her. For this purpose there was a promising place three-quarters of a mile from the rock where there appeared to be a gradually shelving shore, and toward this the doomed vessel was urged with all speed. She again struck heavily. Hawsers were sent ashore and secured to trees with a view to keeping the ship from slipping back into deep water. This move was futile, for the rents in the prow admitted water too rapidly, and with her human freight the vessel heeled over and sank, dragging the trees out by the roots. The officers and a few of the crew escaped. Many more met their death. No thought was given to the prisoners chained to the deck, and they went down with their captors. The great ship had sunk in a sheer descent of 90 feet of water.

From that day to this many attempts have been made to regain the treasure. The British government tried, then private capitalists, and much money has been sunk beside the old wreck. But year after year the currents have packed the wreck down more solidly with sand and mud. This current has been the chief obstacle in the search for the treasure, for it sweeps down with destructive birds feed with them, and always in full. An oriole has had her n

Items of Maine News.

The 14th Maine will hold its annual reunion at Long Island, August 2d and 3d.

There has been a gain in the valuation of property in Bangor, the past year, of $637,987.

There were 326,571 live lobsters and 23,756 dozen canned lobsters brought into Portland the last three months.

The iron ram building at Bath will be launched in August, and it will be a dangerous adversary to meet.

The Portland school board has re-elected Albro E. Chase principal of the high school in that city.

While Charles and Ethel Wilson, of Bangor, were on their way down Broadway, N. Y. Friday, their six-weeks-old infant died in its mother's arms.

Mr. Jerry Bowen of Monroe has raised a new barn, his neighbors turning out and helping him. His barn was blown down in a recent gale.

Bert Bradford of West Buxton, aged 22, committed suicide by drowning the other night. He had been married two years. Domestic trouble is supposed to be the cause.

The schooner Mary B. Smith of Thomaston, of and from Thomaston, for New York, with a cargo of lime, carried away her foremast-head Saturday.

W. H. Glover & Co., of Rockland, have been awarded the contract for building the life saving station at Brant Rock, Mass. Their bid was $4,700.

Patents have been granted to Llewellyn H. Huntoon of Madison, for fabric measuring device, and to William B. Bragdon of Cumberland Mills for electric wire support.

Sixty-five sheep belonging to Mason, Davee and Record were worried by dogs, at Southeast Buckfield, recently. Ten sheep were found dead, three have since died, and many are horribly mangled.

Two children arrived at the Orphans' Home, Bath, last week, from Hallowell. There are but 46 children in the home at present, many passing the summer with relatives.

An appropriation of $3,100 will be expended this season in repairs upon the school buildings in Cherryfield village. A granite foundation will be placed under each building and the grounds improved by grading.

The largest woman in Lewiston died last week. None of the undertakers in town make casket large enough to fit her and one had to be made. Its dimensions were two feet wide, twenty inches high and six feet long.

Nearly a hundred men gathered at the raising of the new barn for Mrs. Helen Moulton, of Brooks, who had both of her barns blown down in the recent cyclone. Her friends and neighbors have given her material aid in this time of trouble.

One hundred salmon, weighing 1858 pounds, were taken from the Bucksport pool, this year. As usual, F. W. Ayer, Esq., got the lion's share, he having taken 21 fish and his nearest competitor 11. After the salmon season was over, Mr. Ayer fell to catching logs with still greater success.

A post office has been established at Higgins, Cumberland county, and Edward H. Thompson appointed postmaster. C. L. Ray has been appointed postmaster at Ironch Center, vice E. H. Hunting. David W. Milligan has been appointed postmaster at Milltown, vice Augustine A. Milligan.

Jupiter, the elephant belonging to Washburn's circus, and to which we referred last week, which has created so much excitement in Brunswick recently, has been captured and so securely fastened that there was no chance of further escape. He left on Wednesday evening's train to join the circus at Lincoln.

Thomas Merriman, a former resident of Brunswick, died at the residence of Dr. S. C. Ingraham, Brookline, Mass., recently, aged sixty-five years. He was born at Harpswell and lived for a number of years in Brunswick, moving to Roxbury some twenty years ago. He was a carpenter and builder.

There came near being a drowning accident at Camden recently. While two young men and two ladies were sailing off the spindle near Sherman's Point, the boat jibe with the sheet made fast, capsizing her and throwing them all into the water. Another boat near picked them up without much trouble.

The annual raid of burglars on the Maine country stores seems to have begun. Detectives of Bangor have several cases on hand. The general store and postoffice at Henderson Junction on the Canadian Pacific and B & P. road, was the last one broken open. Over a hundred pounds of white lead and turpentine, cherry stain, paint and dry goods were taken.

A special meeting of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows was held at Portland, Tuesday, and Hon. Nicholas Pennoyer of York, Fairfield was elected grand representative to the Sovereign Grand Lodge. At a special meeting of the Grand Encampment of Odd Fellows, William E. Plummer of Portland was chosen grand representative to the Sovereign Grand Encampment.

The residence of Dr. C. P. Sawyer on Madison avenue, Skowhegan, was broken into Friday night, and a lot of silver ware stolen from the sideboard in the dining-room, and money from the doctor's pocket-book. The entrance was made at the front door by opening the screen door. Not a sound was heard by any of the occupants of the house, seven in number, all of whom claim to be light sleepers.

Last Thursday afternoon, Lottie, an 18 year-old daughter of George W. Small, Bowdoin, suddenly left her home and has not been heard from since. She left a note on the kitchen table saying would return at supper time and on retiring her sister found another under her pillow saying she was tired of these parts and would not come back. The cause of her disappearance is not known.

Capt. Robert Given, an aged and respected citizen of Brunswick, was found dead in his house, Thursday forenoon. For the past six years he has lived alone, and it is supposed he had been dead several days when found. He was never married. In early life he followed the sea and for twenty years was master of a vessel in the West Indis trade. In 1854 to 1860 he erected on Federal building at Middle Bay, his vessel sailing from Portland.

Pat Murphy, the proprietor of the hotel at the Forks, reports that he has been robbed of $7500. He was in Skowhegan last Friday, having a good time, and on the way home he fell in with a companion. They pursued their journey to The Forks by way of Norridgewock and Bingham, and when they reached Bingham, Murphy discovered that his wallet, with about $7500 in it, was gone. The wallet, the man whom Murphy picked up on the road, and whom he afterwards suspected of robbing him, was arrested at Bingham and searched, but had no money. He was released.

Abijah Usher, one of the most prominent and estimable citizens of Hollis, died at his home in Bonny Eagle on the 14th, of heart disease. He had been confined to the house for the past three months, and had been a great sufferer. He was nearly 80 years of age. Mr. Usher was well known throughout the county as a sterling citizen, and possessed a rare combination of qualities that made him a kind husband and indulgent father.

The body of W. B. Platt, of New York city, was found drowned near a bath house at Portland, on Saturday. He returned the previous morning from Europe, where he had been studying landscape gardening. Monday of last week Platt went to Boston on business and was expected home Saturday. His father, John H. Platt, was a member of the defunct law firm, Hutchins & Platt. The family do not believe he committed suicide.

Further consideration was given the Madrigal Indian mandamus case in Skowhegan last week, and an agreement reached whereby the selectmen of the town are to place a valuation and assess tax upon the property heretofore exempted. The property in question is the plant of the Madison Manufacturing and Improvement Company, the Somerset Railway Company, property of the Water Company and the ruins and water power of the Wesserunsett Woolen Company at East Madison. The case is continued till August pending the valuation of this property and the assessment of the town tax.

A big sale of timber lands has been consummated in J. P. Webber & Sons have sold a tract of 13,000 acres, embracing nearly the whole town of Island Falls, to Hinch & Kelly and Russell Bennett of Danforth. A. G. Chambers of Haynesville, and Walter K. Shaw of Bangor. The price paid was very large. Island Falls is on the line of the Bangor & Aroostook railroad, and the new owners of the land propose to introduce quite an industry into the town. Hawthorne, Foss & Co., of Danforth will build a large hardwood mill for the manufacture of orange box shooks, and also have connected with it a saw mill for other lumber. The new railroad with the new industries in the town will give Island Falls an impetus which will make it one of the busiest of Aroostook towns.

Fires in Maine. Fire at Fort Fairfield, Friday night, destroyed goods belonging to Jewel G. Williams in a building owned by J. B. Trafton. Loss on goods, $3000 or more; on building, probably $150. Cause, upsetting of a kerosene lamp. Fire was discovered at 3.35 Tuesday morning in John S. Jackson & Son's stock factory on Commercial street, Bath. Jacksons' loss, about $2500; insured for that amount. Building damaged. Cause thought to be incendiary.——The large barn in Deering on College street, owned by D. W. Hawkes, was burned to the ground last week. The farming tools were also burned. It is thought the fire was incendiary.

"I was prostrated with a severe bilious complaint," writes Erastus Southworth, of Bath, Me. "After vainly trying a number of remedies, I was finally induced to take Ayer's Pills. I had scarcely taken two boxes when I was completely cured."

If out of order, use BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Items of General News.

It is denied that George William Curtis is breaking down in health.

The President has signed the River and Harbor appropriation bill.

July 26th is the date set by the Ways and Means Committee of the House for the adjournment of Congress.

Both the Senate and the House at Washington have voted to close the World's Fair on Sundays.

The President has nominated George Shiras, Jr., of Pennsylvania, as Justice of the Supreme Court.

The yellow fever scourge continues unabated at Vera Cruz, and the rate of mortality is alarmingly large.

Dr. C. C. Terry of Fall River, Mass., well known and respected, was accidentally killed, Monday evening, while taking lessons in sword practice.

There were over 2000 men in the wheelmen's parade at Washington Tuesday. They were reviewed by the President at the Capitol.

There is great anxiety lest Mrs. President Harrison may not rally from her present illness. Mrs. Harrison has been married 30 years. Her illness is due to overwork. She is about 59 years of age.

The acting comptroller of currency has declared the 12th dividend of three per cent. in favor of the creditors of the Pacific National Bank of Boston, making in all 64 per cent. on claims proved, amounting to $1,397,129.

Hughes & Patterson of Philadelphia, Pa., have posted notices in their rolling mills at that place, stating that they will take back any of their striking employes as individuals, but not as members of the Amalgamated Association.

It is now known for a certainty that J. G. Kelsoe, President of the Bank of Magazine, Kelsoe, President of the Bank of Magnolia and of Gate City Bank of Texarkana, and Vice President of Ouchita Valley Bank, Ark., is a defaulter to the extent of $70,000. His whereabouts are unknown.

Rev. Joseph Garland of Hampton will not be arrested on the charge of murdering Josiah G. Wason on what evidence the county now has at hand. The coroner's jury find that Wason came to his death by means unknown.

George A. Stevens was drowned at Manchester, N. H., Sunday afternoon, while bathing in the Merrimac river. He had been in Manchester about two weeks. His parents reside in Maine. He was married, and was aged 23 years.

At a meeting of the trustees of Tufts College, Friday, a resolution was adopted opening the college to women in undergraduate departments on the same terms and conditions as to men, it being understood that for the present the college will not be able to furnish boarding accommodations.

Mt. Ætna now has 18 openings, nine of which are active. The lava is flowing in the direction of Nicotosi at the rate of 150 yards an hour, and has passed the lava deposit formed in 1886. The alarm among the inhabitants of the villages in the vicinity is increasing.

The Missouri, Kansas & Texas passenger train No. 2, south bound, was held up by a gang of masked robbers at Adair, I. T., late Thursday night. It is said the amount secured by the robbers is between $50,000 and $75,000. The robbery was not accomplished without a hard fight, however.

The *Christian Herald* relief steamship Leo arrived in St. Petersburg, Thursday, and was accorded a magnificent reception by the Russian authorities and people. Capt. Caines of the Leo was presented with a silver tea trumpet, and the first mate with a silver tea cup. Rev. Dr. Talmage eloquently replied to addresses of welcome and presentation.

The infant son of Franklin F. Wilkins, of Beverly, Mass., secured and drank some water poisoned by fly paper and died four hours afterward in terrible agony. The fly paper contained enough arsenic to kill twelve persons, but bore no announcement as to its deadly nature as required by law. The selectmen and board of health will investigate.

Nothing has been heard of the tug Booth and her tow of four barges which left Oswego, N. Y., Friday night, before the big storm, bound to Montreal. The four barges were small and heavily loaded, and the tug could not tow them more than four miles an hour in fair weather. It is thought they are lost.

Steamer Catterthun has arrived at Sydney, N. S. W., and reports that when she touched at the island of Timor there was a rumor current that the island of Sangir in the Archipelago had been destroyed by a volcanic eruption, and that 2000 persons, comprising 1200 souls, had perished. The Catterthun steamed for miles through masses of volcanic debris.

The steamer Enchantress from Santos and Rio arrived at quarantine in New York, Sunday, for examination and disinfection. During the passage from Santos to Pernambuco, Capt. H. Hammond and Purser A. W. Foster of Boston, died of yellow fever and were buried at sea. Steward Warmsley and Second and Third Engineers Fottinger and Parks were stricken with the disease. Parks recovered. All the others died.

A storm at Cincinnati, Ohio, Friday evening, lasted only a few minutes, but during that time it played havoc throughout the city. Roofs were blown off, chimneys blown from the tops of buildings, and signs without number swept away in the path of the hurricane. Telephone wires were laid low, and many instruments burned out. A number of persons were seriously injured.

A special from Montreal says a party of forty delegates from Maine and Massachusetts, reached Montreal, Monday, en route to what they were met by C. O. Swanson, Immigration Agent of the Dominion Government, and by officials of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Their intention is to proceed to the northwest territories, and make thorough examination of the resources of the country, returning to New England again. There they will make known the result of their research, and if the reports are favorable, a large party will proceed from Maine and Massachusetts to the northwest.

The most destructive tornado that ever visited Springfield, Ohio, struck the resident portion of the city Wednesday morning at 11, and demolished 30 residences and partially ruined over a hundred more. The loss on property is nearly $200,000. The tornado was a mile long and three blocks wide. The scene of greatest destruction is the block east of South Limestone street, where scarcely half a dozen houses are left standing. Everything there is in utter ruin. Nobody was killed outright, but two men were fatally injured and 11 persons hurt badly. A meeting of citizens devised means to aid the homeless. Thirty families are absolutely ruined.

Joseph Booth, a grocer at Methuen, Mass., made a startling discovery upon entering his store on the morning of July 4th, a report of which has just leaked out. In the rear room of the store a portion of the plastering had fallen during the night, and with it, upon the floor, a number of gold pieces. Investigation revealed that other coins were lying in the space between the ceiling and the second floor. In all, it is stated 58 pieces of the above denomination were found, all bearing the date 1834. That portion of the building where the money was found was formerly an old hotel, and it is suggested that some one secreted the coin there.

One hundred and eighty reapers, men and women, employed at Bebar, Hungary, struck on Tuesday, for an increase in wages. When their demands were refused, they seized a wagon loaded with corn. Their employers summoned the gend'armes, and the strikers threatened to burn the farmers' house and lay waste the fields if they did not comply with their demands. They threatened the gend'armes if the latter interfered. Finally, the inspector commanding the gend'armes ordered the men to fire on the rioters and they did so. A striker standing near the inspector stabbed him. The strikers refusing to disperse, the gend'armes fired 42 rounds. Twelve men and women were killed and many were wounded before the mob was driven from the place.

Saturday afternoon Prof. James K. Allen, the eldest son of Prof. Joseph Allen, celebrated aerial navigator, Charles E. Albee, his assistant, D. Edward Barnett, a trapeze performer, and a *Journal* reporter, narrowly escaped frightful deaths while making a balloon ascension from Dexter training field in Providence, R. I. At the time a brisk northwesterly breeze was blowing, and the inability of the men to remove the bags of ballast in the basket in time to save a collision with tree tops and houses, caused the accident, which was witnessed by four thousand people. As the balloon shot across Lester street the car struck several telegraph wires and Prof. Allen was thrown out with coils of rope and anchor, falling 60 feet to the street, sustaining serious if not fatal injuries. His left leg was broken in two places, and his knee badly fractured, right ankle badly sprained, and body cut and bruised. When the navigator was thrown he held the cord leading to the safety valve in his hand, and flipped open the side of the balloon its entire length. The ship descended rapidly, and collapsed upon the roof of a stable 50 yards from where the navigator was thrown out. Here the car came in contact with the side of the barn. The occupants were thrown with terrific force through the netting into the window, and was somewhat bruised. Barnett and Albee were thrown against the side of the building, sustaining slight injuries.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Latest Horse Notes.

—If the managers of the Westbrook Park Association continue giving such races as were witnessed there last Friday and Saturday, the old time prestige will soon be restored and this be one of the most popular tracks in the State. There is no reason why it should not be, for it is well located, well constructed, and can easily be well patronized. For the first day, the number starting was remarkably large, six coming up for the bell in the 3 minute class, and ten in the 2.36. Both were fighting races, though in the former, Glimmer had the speed of the party and won the second, third and fourth heats readily. Glimmer is by Wilkes, dam by Gideon, and is five years old, a bay mare of great promise. Currier is by Nelson, making the day a great one for Sunnyside Farm. The summary is as follows:

3.00 CLASS.

Mahion, Jordan, Freedom, N. H., br m					
Kitty Clymer	1	3	4	5	
Patrick Kase, Portland, c g Prince Wilkes	6	6	6	6	dr
Hazel Kirke, blk m	3	5	5	3	
Milan, b s	5	4	3	4	ds

Time—2.32¼, 2.29½, 2.35¼, 2.29¾.

2.19 CLASS—PURSE, $500.

Jesse Haddon, b g	3	1	1	1	
Daphne, b m	1	2	4	4	
Lightning, b m	5	3	2	2	
Eva K., b m	4	4	3	3	
Grats, b g	2	5	5	5	

Time—2.20¼, 2.20¾, 2.20¾, 2.21.

2.34 CLASS—PURSE, $500.

C. T. L., ch g	3	6	3	3	1	1
Elyrina, b m	6	1	1	2	2	2
Archie, b g	1	2	2	1	4	ro
E. D. F., blk g	2	3	5	6	4	ro
Nominator, b s	1	2	2	1	dr	
Maggie T., b m	4	4	4	4	3	ro
Mary Bird, br s	7	dis				

Time—2.28¾, 2.31¼, 2.31¼, 2.31¼, 2.37, 2.35.

—Friday was attendance was the largest of the week. Bunco, Jr., made the fastest heat ever recorded on the track, 2.15¾. In the second heat Jewett made the half in 1 06¾. The summaries:

2.30 CLASS—PURSE $500.

Blonde Beauty, ch m	1	1	1	1		
The Bull, b g	2	4	1	2	3	
Queen Gilford, br m	3	2	3	4	4	
Rosewood, b m	4	3	4	3	2	
Neponset, ch s	5	5	5	5	dr.	

Time—2.20¾, 2.21, 2.20, 2.21¼, 2.23.

FREE-FOR-ALL—PURSE $500.

Bunco, Jr., b g	1	1	1	
Budd Doble, b s	2	3	2	
Jewett, blk g	3	2	3	4
Queen Goddard, b m	4	4	4	

Time—2.17¾, 2.15¾, 2.17¼.

—Said a prominent horseman from Chicago who attended the meetings at Old Orchard: "By another season, the Dunn track will be open and ready for use, and with the improvement which will result from this year's races, I predict that Old Orchard will have the fastest track in the United States."

—Work on the regulation mile track at Scarboro is rapidly being pushed and the same will be in readiness for races this year.

—Plenty of oil on the mowing machine and hay loader and wagon saves lots of horse flesh—to say nothing of lengthening the lives of both the machines and the animals.

—Glenarm is a speed producer and his colts have an abundance of courage, such as was shown by Catell at Livermore.

—The balance of the second payment on stakes of the New England Trotting Horse Breeders' Association has just been paid. There is an unusually large percentage paid up, and the stakes in their present state insure some splendid racing at the fall meeting. Appended is the Maine list:

H. Hughes, Auburn, b f Lou Seer.
H. Wesley Hutchins, Auburn, br f Pilletta.
B. F. & F. H. Briggs, b c Cavalier.
B. F. & F. H. Briggs, Auburn, br f Granetta.
Galen C. Moses, Bath, gr f Brunhild.
Galen C. Moses, Bath, gr f Sulamite.
J. F. Barrett, Portland, b f Lou Westland.
M. T. Pooler, Skowhegan, Bryanston.
M. T. Pooler, Skowhegan, blk c Mahlon.
The Colt Farm, Auburn, b f Dorta, and b c Royce.
The Colt Farm, Auburn, b g Narcus.
The Colt Farm, Auburn, b f Dorcas Pratt.
The Colt Farm, Auburn, br c Calcalli.
The Colt Farm, Auburn, b c Castell.
East Branch Farm, Buckfield, b h McKusick.
The Colt Farm, Auburn, br s Lady Redwood.
Auburn, by the Colt Farm and Maple Grove Farm and Mr. Hutchins' stables, will make the finest showing of any city in New England.

It would seem that The Seer is getting into condition for fast trotting this fall at some of our fairs. Mr. Ed. Hutchins, his trainer, gave him an exercise mile the other day in 2 23, half in 1.08½, quarter in 36 seconds, a 2.13 gate. The Seer has had six-teen starts this season, so far, and his book contains seventy. A two-year-old by the Seer, dam we think by Whalebone Knox, is showing some very fast quarters. This colt is owned Riley, owned by Mr. Ed. Townes of Lewiston, and with very little preparation trots her quarters in 43 seconds. Dr. A. M. Gracelon's four-year-old mare, first colt by the Seer, dam by Redwood, second dam the dam of Cephas, is also putting in some great work at the track. She has now been in Mr. Ed. Hutchins' care for about two months and can jog a quarter in 40 seconds.

BULLET HOLE IN HIS HEAD. The residents of Ogunquit, are considerably excited over the finding of the body of Hiram Perkins, a young farmer, lying by the roadside Thursday morning, with a bullet hole through his forehead, just over his right eye. Some visitors who were riding along the road, when near the body, noticed lying a revolver covered with blood lying in the road, and on making an investigation the body was discovered lying a short distance away from the road. When found Perkins was alive and he was at once carried to the nearest house, and Dr. Gordon summoned. When the medical man arrived he said that the wound was fatal and that Perkins had but a short time to live. Some are inclined to think that Perkins was a victim of foul play, but owing to the fact that he has been on a debauch for the past two weeks, and Wednesday visited Portland and drew quite a sum of money, which he had deposited in the savings bank, makes the majority of people think that he committed suicide. When found, Perkins had several hundred dollars in money on his person that he had drawn from the bank Wednesday. Perkins was unmarried, and resided with his parents.

ANOTHER RELIC OF ST. ANN. Father Tetreau, pastor of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Jean Baptiste, the little French church in Seventy-sixth St., New York city, has received another relic of St. Ann, this time from Quebec. It is about two and one-quarter inches long, being taken from the fore arm of the saint. It will remain on exhibition for the rest of the month, and perhaps during a part of August. This relic is the second to be established in that city. The first was shown on Sunday, May 1, in the same church, and was seen by nearly a quarter of a million people, many of whom tell stories of the miraculous cures it effected. The relic will remain at the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, and the basement of the church is being prepared as a sanctuary in which to keep it. Great is humbug!

Maine Agricultural News.

—Mr. A. L. Blaisdell of Winterport says he follows farming because he loves it. He has a large creamery with about 30 patrons. Last year he set out 1,300 apple trees. This year he has put in twelve acres of corn and forty-five thousand cabbages, besides the usual garden stuff, beans, potatoes, turnips and grain. He says the way he gets so much done is by working every day all day.

—Dr. George H. Bailey and Cattle Commissioner Beal went to Six Mile Falls Thursday afternoon, and killed a cow which was a bad case of tuberculosis. The animal belonged to Charles Hodgdon. Dr. Bailey says that he thinks that the cow came from Massachusetts and was diseased when brought into Maine. Dr. Bailey is now very busy looking after the different pure bred cattle throughout Maine. He has recently examined a herd of 25 thoroughbred Jerseys and Holsteins in the Western part of Maine and he thinks they are all diseased. They will be examined again and will probably be killed. This herd is as valuable as those killed at the Maine State College in 1885.

—R. A. Burnell, West Baldwin, has a thoroughbred Shropshire buck lamb, that weighed 70 pounds when two months and five days old, and a pair of twins, buck and ewe, that weighed when two months and ten days old, 55 and 60 pounds, respectively. A year old ewe, full sister of the first named, sheared 11 pounds.

Items and Incidents.

Dickinson county, Kansas, has a county superintendent of schools who when he visits schools, takes along a box of tools, saw, hammer, etc., and fixes all the broken seats, decayed door steps and dilapidated brooms he comes across.

"Tired All the Time,"

Is the complaint of many poor mortals, who know not where to find relief. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses just those elements of strength which you so earnestly crave; it will build you up, give you an appetite, strengthen your stomach and nerves. Try it.

HOOD'S PILLS act especially upon the liver, rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion.

For three vacant chaplaincies in the United States army over 4,000 applications have been placed on file.

As there is no royal road to learning, so there is no magical cure for disease. The effect, however, of taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for blood disorders comes as near magic as can be expected of any human agency. This is due to its purity and strength.

There are twenty representatives in Congress who are under thirty-six years of age.

Are free from all crude and irritating matter. Concentrated medicine only. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Very small; very easy to take; no pain; no griping; no purging. Try them.

Mr. Glaisher, when in a balloon, at two miles from the earth, heard a musket shot and a dog bark, and at four miles a railway train.

When the scalp is atrophied, or shinybald, no preparation will restore the hair; in all other cases, Hall's Hair Renewer will start a growth.

Three factories in the United States consume nearly 2,000,000 eggs a year in making the peculiar kind of paper used by photographers known as albumen paper.

The effect after taking Adamson's Botanic Balsam is a soothing and controlling influence over any tendency to cold, grounding in the throat, and causing a healthy expectoration.

Mr. Moody, who is traveling in Palestine, recently preached on that rising knoll outside the Damascus gate at Jerusalem, which many believe to have been the site of the crucifixion.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world.

Eugenie, once Empress of the French, and most powerful woman in Europe, is now living in the strictest retirement in Farnborough, Eng.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

An old Indian chief in the West has in his possession a lasso made of human hair which is fifty feet in length and made of the hair of the wives and daughters of pioneers.

A son of Charles Dickens recently addressed a meeting of his constituents—he is a member of Parliament from New South Wales—having been preceded by a tedious and critical speaker named Willis. "My late father," said Mr. Dickens, "is once reported to have said, 'Barkis is willin', but if he were here now he would probably say: 'Willis is barkin'!'"

NOMINATIONS BY THE GOVERNOR. The following nominations were made by the Governor on Thursday:

Reporter of decisions, Supreme Judicial Court, Charles Littlefield, Bangor.

Agent to prevent cruelty, E. A. Sprague, Anson.

Commissioner to take birds, their nests and eggs for scientific purposes, Ora W. Knight, Bangor.

Dedimus Justice, J. C. Stinchfield, Wayne.

Fish and Game Warden, William W. Tibbetts, Otis; Frank E. Smith, Columbia. Trial Justice, Isaac Hutchins, Wellington; Martin H. Fowler, Medway; George W. Field, Oakland; Herrick C. Davis, Paris; Leander A. Poor, Sebago.

Notary public, L. W. Fales, Lewiston; Orrin S. Fogg Portland; Roswell S. Partridge, Whitefield; J. F. Holman, Athens.

Justice of the Peace and Quorum, Joseph F. Chute, Portland; J. S. Moores, New Sharon; Lewis Hall, Medway; H. W. Simpson, Bangor; Seth D. Wakefield, Lewiston; J. L. Merrick, Waterville; Edward B. Sawyer, Jonesport; Verne N. Whitman, Norway; Forest G. Coffin, Harrington; Samuel C. Wagg, Milbridge; Joseph C. Barker, Chelsea; George P. Davis, Parsonsfield; James A. Roberts, Waterboro; Charles A. True, Portland; Edwin L. Stanwood, Jr., Portland; Ansel H. Goldsmith, Gorham; Arthur H. Crabtree, Hancock; Alden Chase, Woodstock; A. W. Shaw, Westbrook.

ADVENTURE WITH A SHARK. Mr. Chas. Jordan of Cape Elizabeth had quite an adventure with a shark, which is a long line buoyed up by empty kegs and having short lines with hooks pendant from it at intervals of three feet. These trawls are often a mile long, with very many hooks hanging from them. Mr. Jordan's was not so long, however. He had set his trawl and gone back to first end to take whatever cod or haddock might have bitten the hooks. The first fish he found was a large cod. Mr. Jordan had just got the fish to the surface when a big shark dashed at the cod and swallowed it, hook and all. Mr. Jordan gave to the line of the trawl manfully, but the line was not strong enough to hold a shark. It snapped and the shark, carrying the trawl with him and enraged by the struggles of the fish, dashed at the boat, biting at it and at the same time diving under it. He came up under the rudder with a tremendous flop that rocked the boat, threw Mr. Jordan down in the bow and dashed a cloud of spray into the boat which drenched Jordan completely. The rudder when it came down dropped into the sea. The shark also disappeared, carrying the trawl with him. Mr. Jordan had now lost his rudder and his trawl and was drenched to the skin. He wisely concluded to steer for Cape Elizabeth as best he could with an oar. But he enjoyed the satisfaction of knowing that the shark also must be a little unhappy dragging after him a big tangle of line and fish hooks, the end of which was fixed in his interior by a stout cod hook.

BOUND TO HOLD ON TO THE SWORD-FISH. The steamer Henry Dumois arrived at Boston Thursday, from Port Antine, Jamaica. She reports July 13, 9 A. M., about 40 miles southeast of South Shoal light ship, she picked up John Calder in a dory, who had gone astray from the vessel. Calder belonged to the schooner Mary E. Hagan of Portland, Me. He had been sword-fishing and was towed several miles to sea by a sword-fish which he harpooned about 7 on the morning of the 12th. He was towed until dusk at night. He managed to hang onto the fish which weighed about 300, and on the arrival of the Dumois at Boston Thursday morning, he disposed of it to market men.

In Morris county, N. J., while a man was asleep on the bank of the Passaic river, a tree was blown down upon him, and he was fatally injured.

Telegraphic reports from all parts of Manitoba state that the crops are in magnificent condition, not a single drawback being reported.

The Markets.

Report of Watertown and Brighton Live Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

LIVE STOCK YARDS, July 19, 1892.

Names of Drovers.	Hogs.	Cattle.	Sheep.	Veals.
AT WATERTOWN—HOME.				
AT BRIGHTON.				
I. C. Libby & Son,	17		30	
J. B. Weller,	21		25	
C. Y. King,	29		33	
M. Holt,	12			
F. W. Thompson,	17		30	

THE AGGREGATE OF LIVE STOCK AT WATERTOWN AND BRIGHTON YARDS.

Cattle, 3875; sheep, 14,040; hogs, 27,749; veals, 1364; horses, 659.

MAINE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 89; veals, 117; horses, 79.

CATTLE EXPORTS FOR OLD ENGLAND.

Total of cattle shipped from Boston for the week was 5473; head, market of 5½c. Sales at 11@11½c. dressed weight, less the offal.

POSITION OF THE TRAFFIC.

Scarcely any beef cattle this week on the market from New England. From the West the supply continues heavy, bought largely for the export business. Western steers were being sold at a range from 3¼ @5¼c. live weight.

The market for sheep is without change. Quite a number of owners represent the Northern, but the lots figured but few sheep in the aggregate. The big West filled up the deficiency. Sales at 2¼@5½c. for sheep, and 6@7½c. for lambs.

Near to 30,000 fat hogs have put in an appearance, ready for slaughter. This product has advanced steadily, and New England farmers are reaping a benefit. We quote Western live at 5⅞@6½c.; country lots at 7¼@7½c. dressed weight.

Veal calves rule steady in price. As noticed above the arrivals were much lighter, which was all that saved a glutted market, and we think we have seen the last of big supplies this season. Sales at 3¼@6½c., unless exceptionally nice.

The market for milch cows not very lucrative or active, and dealers consider many of their transactions unprofitable.

Horse Market—The movement rather quiet. Buyers not numerous, and prices low where the quality was a little off. Good stock at fair prices.

SALES OF MAINE STOCK.

M. D. Holt favored the market with a bunch of 12 especially choice Pine Tree State cattle, very handsome and fat, weighing upon the scales from 2800 to 3800 lbs. the pair, and prices were 5c., live weight. We learned that the owner had to pay the butcher for buying them at that price, a few dollars, the exact number we did not learn. I. C. Libby & Son sold 18 calves, weighing 3470 lbs., at 5¼c.; another lot of 37 head, weighing 6810 lbs., at 5½c. F. W. Thompson sold out a full car load of cows for milk—7 head—at $37@42; the buyer had his choice of the lot; also, 26 veals of 3680 lbs., at 5½c. C. V. King sold 29 veals of 4210 lbs., at 5c.

REMARKS.

During the past week we have had a siege of hot weather, and we should have supposed that it would have had a tendency to bring down prices on beef in the city, instead, rumps and sirloins have advanced and we consumers have to pay 30 cents a pound, if we can find a piece of beef. It would seem that cattle were not on the decline, taking our conclusions from the consumers' standpoint; necessity does not wholly compel us to live on beef. Then, too, hogs have steadily advancing for the past few months, which is something out of the common course, but hog slaughterers are of the opinion that high prices will tend to forward too many hogs to market, which before long lower prices will be inevitable. It would seem, that at the present time, live stock raisers' prospects were especially good, who need a recreation to keep up their courage for another year.

LATE SALES AT BRIGHTON LAST WEDNESDAY.

This week's sales in milch cows were particularly quiet, notwithstanding the light business of the previous week. It being unusually good weather for haying, there were but few buyers at market, and cows were selling at a discount. Some dealers were glad to sell at adecline of $5@8 a head. J. S. Weller sold 10, what he called extra new milch cows, at $36 a head. I. C. Libby sold 3 milch cows at $160 for the lot; 2 common at $27.50 each. Remick & Cheney sold 1 choice cow at $50. Ed. Kimball sold 7 milch cows from $35@60; some were very fancy. J. S. Henry had 40 head on sale; sold 1 choice cow at $50; 4 at $25 each. W. F. Wallace sold 7 cows at $32 each; 4 at $35 each. P. F. Litchfield sold 2 milch cows at $35 each; 2 at $40 cows, alleys all pair, cures wind colic, and is the each. W. W. Hall & Co. sold 1 new milch best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a cow at $42; also, 2 nice springer at $50; 1 do. at $38.

Boston Market.

TUESDAY, July 19.

FLOUR AND MEAL. There is very little doing in flour; no change in prices. We quote spring wheat patents at $2 30@$3 30; extras and seconds at $3 30@$4 30; bakers, clears and straights, at $3 75@$4 85; winter wheat patents at $4 80@$5 35; winter wheat, clears and straights, at $4 30@$4 85, and spring wheat patents at $4 75@$5 25 per bbl. These quotations include jobbers' and millers' prices. Rye flour is steady at $4 50@$5 00 per bbl. Corn meal is fair to quiet, with sales of ground and rolled at $4 50@$4 60, and cut at $4 65@$4 75 per bbl. Corn meal is steady. Sales of bag meal at $1 10@$1 12, and barrel meal sold at $1 15@$1 20 per bbl. Mills ask $1 per bbl. Low grounded meal has been selling at $2 55@$2 70 per bbl.

GRAIN. The market was slightly firmer to ship corn to-day and higher prices were asked, which resulted in some shippers for Chicago No. 3 yellow, but 59½c a fair selling price. The spot market has ruled dull, with very little off ring, steamer yellow being quoted nominal at 60c and No. 2 yellow at 59c bush. The demand for oats was fair and there was little change in prices. Sales of clipped on track were reported at 41c; No. 2 white at 40c; No. 3 white at 39c per bush. For unclipped oats we quote selling at 41¼@40¾c; No. 2 white at 40¾c; and No. 3 white at 39¼c per bush.

MILLFEED. The market for bran is quiet. With sack spring quoted at $16@16 25 and sack winter at $17.50@17.75 per ton. Canada bran sells at $17 50 per ton in bulk. Middlings are quoted at $16@20 per ton, in sacks. Cotton seed meal firm at $26 per ton to arrive.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE. Both buyers and sellers are agreed that there is a marked change in the butter market from a week ago. The rise began last Wednesday and gradually gained during the remainder of the week. The feeling now is that there will be a shortage of first-class creamery this season. The prices paid up to yesterday were 21½@22 cents for Western extra, sharp; Little, Medway; H.

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

Only.

It was only a tender, cheering word,
Spoken so soft and low,
But an angel stooped to earth to listen,
And told it to God, I know;

It was only a bunch of rose-buds
Given to one in pain,
But the weary one saw thro' the mist of years
Her childhood's home again;

It was only a song in the twilight,
By the restless baby's bed,
That the patient, tired mother
Might rest her aching head;

But methinks the songs are sweetest
That in our homes are heard,
And the song by the baby's cradle
Was a lullaby sung for God.

They are only little things, maybe,
Not of those our life is made;
And the simplest act can make or mar
Its sunshine, or its shade.

BELLE LOUGEE.

Our Story Teller.

TWO MARRIAGE EVES.

"I have often told you," said James Mayfield to me the evening before my marriage with his daughter Kate, "that I owed my prosperity—or more accurately, my escape from destruction—to an accident, a chance, a miracle. Stand up and look at that piece of paper let into the over-mantle. Have you ever observed it before?"

"Yes," I said, rising and examining a faded document under a glass panel in the oak. "I have now and then noticed it, but have never been able to make out what it is."

"What do you take it for?"

"Well, it looks like half a sheet of business note paper, covered with indistinct figures that do not seem ordinary."

"Yes," he said, gazing with half-closed eyes at the paper through the smoke of his cigar. "They are not ordinary, nor is their history."

"It is not possible to make them out, they are so blurred and faint. Are they very old?"

"Twenty years. They are much faded since I first saw them," said he, crossing his legs. "Now you may as well know the history of that half sheet of business paper, and what it has to do with me and your Kate's mother. Sit down and I will tell it to you."

I dropped back into my chair.

"Our Kate is nearly 19, as, no doubt, you are aware. It is the night before your marriage. You, thank heaven, run no such risks as I ran the night before my marriage. There is no date on that blurred copy of figures, but if there was you would find it originated in the night before I was to be married, twenty years ago. You are short of thirty now, I was short of thirty then. You are now in what I should then have considered affluent circumstances. I am going to give you to-morrow our only child and a fourth share in business of Strangeway, Mayfield & Co., of which I am the sole surviving partner, and that fourth share ought to bring you a thousand to twelve hundred a year. The night that document over the chimney came into existence I was accountant to Strangway & Co., at a salary of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum."

My father-in law paused, and knocked the ash off his cigar.

"At that time," he went on, resuming his story, "the business of Strangway & Co. was in Bread street. We had warehouses on the ground floor and in the cellars, the offices were on the first floor, and warehouses filled from over the first floor to the slates.

"The offices closed at 6; but, as I was anxious to put everything in the finest order I could before starting on my honeymoon, I was not able to leave at that hour. In addition to the bookkeeping, I did most of the routine correspondence, and I had some letters to write. When they were finished I should lock up the place, put the keys in my pocket, leave them at Mr. Strangway's house on Clapman Common, and go to my lodgings in Wandsworth, and from my lodgings to my sweetheart, Mary's home in Wandsworth too.

"As I was working away, writing letters at the top of my speed, and quite alone in the office—in the whole house—Stephen Grainly, one of our clerks, came in to me, and, much to my surprise and annoyance, when I opened the front door, walked upstairs, following my lead through the unlighted passages. I was not prepared for Stephen Grainly; no one in the office liked him except Mr. Strangway himself. Grainly was an excellent man at his work; but, to my taste too smooth and good—too sweet to be sound.

"'What Mayfield,' he cried, 'working away still! Why when I saw the light, I made sure it must be Broadwood (our assistant accountant), who was to take my place while I was away), and, as I had a goodish bit of money, I thought I'd better bank here than in my own home in Huxton; I am not satisfied it is safe to stow £300 in cash in my humble house.'

"'All right,' said I; 'but I wish you had come earlier. The safest place to bank money is in the bank.' He did not know I was going to be married next day, and I was glad of it, for the man always made me feel uncomfortable, and I did not wish him to touch my little romance even with a word.

"'Be here at four o'clock!' he cried. 'My dear fellow, I couldn't do it. How could I? Why I didn't get to King's Cross until a quarter of 6! Here you are.' He produced his portion of the notes. 'I can give me more than two minutes. Checks, five hundred and seventy-four, eighteen six. Notes, two hundred and forty-five. Gold, forty-eight.'

"As you may fancy, I was in a hurry to get rid of him. He seemed in no hurry to go. He sat down, pulled out his handkerchief, and began wiping his forehead, although it was October, and by no means warm.

"'You will initial my book? said he, and he handed me his order book, part of which was ruled in money columns, where he had a list of the money he had collected. The whole was 867 pounds, 18 shillings and 6 pence, and for this I signed.

"'Have you taken the numbers of the notes?' I asked.

"'No,' said he.

"'I made a list myself of the numbers on a sheet of paper, and pushed checks, notes and gold up to the flat, middle part of my desk. I did not like to take out any of the account books that night, and when I had finished the letters and he had gone, I should put the money in the safe in the back room. The memorandum of the numbers I should leave with the Bank of Clapham, where the whole transaction would be dealt with by my assistant, Broadwood, in the morning.

"'Making out the list had taken a little time, as the notes were all small and no two in a sequence; they had been collected for minor accounts in the country.

"I put my list of notes on the desk beside me, and went on with my letters, several of which were now ready for the press.

"That evening Grainly talked a lot about the business and the news of the day, and all sorts of things. I could not tell him to go away, for he could see that I was not myself leaving yet, and copying the letters, putting them away to dry, enclosing them in envelopes and addressing them was not occupation for which a man could reasonably claim quiet.

"'When my batch of letters was ready, seeing half an hour's work still before me, I held them out to him and said: 'When you are going I should be obliged if you would post these, as I am not nearly finished here yet."

"'Certainly,' said he, taking the hint and rising.

"'Any one in the place who could show me out? All the gas is turned off below and I have never gone down in the darkness,' said he moving away.

"'There is now one down ourselves here. I'll show you the way,' I said with alacrity, delighted to get rid of him.

"I had led him through the long, dark, corridor and half down the stairs, when he cried out, 'My stick! I left my stick above. I won't be a minute, Mayfield. Just wait here for me!'

"He ran upstairs to fetch his stick, and was back with me in the darkness in a few seconds.

"'I found it all right,' said he; 'it was just at the door. I got it without going in at all.'

"I struck a match to light him, and presently he was out on the sahphalt of Bread street, walking rapidly toward Cheapside.

"When I got back to my counting house the checks were on the flat top of the desk. The gold and notes were gone!

"I had taken the numbers of the notes on a sheet of paper, and left the list on the sloping desk to dry, before putting it into my pocket.

"The paper on which I had taken the numbers of the notes was gone also!

"My father-in-law spoke true to my feet and tapped the glass over the document let into the oak above the fireplace, saying: 'And this is the paper with the numbers of the stolen notes on it.'

"And that is not the paper with the numbers of the stolen notes on it," said James Mayfield.

"From the moment I left the counting house to show Grainly out that night, 20 years ago, no one has ever seen the list I made of those notes. Grainly must have destroyed it the moment he was out on Bread street.

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"My father-in-law finished his glass of port and resumed his story.

"Here was I, on the eve of my marriage, simply ruined.

"Grainly had my receipt for the 303 pounds cash, and he had the 303 pounds cash also, and Grainly was the thief who enjoyed the favor of his employer, while I was in no particular favor with the firm, I believe up to that time I was supposed to be honest.

"The 48 pounds in gold was, of course, gone as much as if it had been dropped into the crater of a burning mountain, and as the numbers of the notes could no longer be produced, and they had not come direct from the bank, but had been picked up here and there in the country, the 265 pounds were gone as though they had been blown overboard in the Atlantic Ocean.

"It was plain there would be no use in following Grainly, even if I knew the way he had gone when he gained Cheapside. It was plain no marriage could take place tomorrow morning. It was plain my course was to go without the loss of a moment to Mr. Strangeway and tell him what had happened. Whether he would believe me or not, who could say? Not I, anyway. He might reasonably order me into custody. Very well, if he did I must not grumble or feel aggrieved. Our wedding was fixed for 11 o'clock, next morning. By 11 o'clock next morning I might be in jail, charged with stealing the money or being an accomplice in the robbery.

"I locked the office, telegraphed to Mary that I had been unexpectedly detained, jumped into a hansom and drove to Strangeway's house in Clapham.

"I told the servant to take in word that I wished to see Mr. Strangeway most particularly. I suppose she had heard about my wedding; anyway she smiled very knowingly, and said: 'I hope you'll have fine weather and good luck on your holiday, Mr. Mayfield, though it is rather late in the year to expect fine weather. Gracious, Mr. Mayfield, are you ill?' she cried at the end. I daresay my face told tales.

"'Not ill,' I said, 'but very anxious to see Mr. Strangeway at once, if you please.'

"She showed me into the library, hurried off, and in a few seconds Mr. Strangeway entered smiling. He, no doubt, thought my anxiety to see him was connected with my marriage.

"When he heard my story he was grave enough. 'Two hundred and ninety-three gone!' he said, frowning.

"'Gone,' said I.

"'And the numbers of the notes gone with the money?' said he, looking me full in the face, with a heavier frown.

"'Not a trace of the paper on which I took the numbers.'

"'Are you sure no one but Grainly could have entered the counting house?'

"'Perfectly sure. All the doors communicating with other parts of the house were shut—had been locked for the night. I had not been outside the counting house since luncheon.'

"For a few moments he reflected. 'The awkward part of it, Mayfield,' said he, 'is that you are to be married to-morrow. Of course your marriage must go on. But I'll tell you what I think would be best for you. Suppose you attend the office as usual to-morrow morning; you could leave for a couple of hours later, get the ceremony over, and come back.'

"'Oh!' I said, with this hanging over me? I half expected to be locked up to-night. But I could not get married until the money is found, Mr. Strangeway.'

"'Found! Found! The money can never be found, Why, we have nothing to go on! Anyway, I shall not take steps to-night. Perhaps it would be best to postpone your marriage. Yes, it would not do to marry under the circumstances. I am very sorry for you, but all that can be done in the interests of justice must be done. Keep the keys and be in Bread street at the ordinary time in the morning.'

"My father-in-law paused here. His cigar was smoked out, but he had not finished his story. He did not offer to move and I sat still. After a few moments he went on:

"'I will be merciful to you, and will pay nothing of the sum at my wife's place when I called later. Her father and mother were then living. I told my story to all three as I have told it to you, and all agreed the three months was to postpone the marriage for a month.

"'Well, I'm not getting on as fast as I promised, but I shall not keep you much longer.

"When I reached the office in the morning I had another look around, but nothing whatever was to be discovered. I turned the whole place inside out. Nothing, absolutely nothing connected with the case. I ended up with great astonishment, Stephen Grainly walked into the office. Until his appearance I had, in a dim way, made up my mind that all would be cleared up and my innocence established by his absconding. His arrival showed that he meant to brazen the thing out with me, and I from that moment was helpless and paralyzed.

"'Grainly,' said I, as soon as I could talk, 'when you came back for your stick last night, did you notice the money you gave me on the desk where I put it?'

"'No, my dear fellow. I did not cross the threshold of this room.'

"'You did not see or touch the money or piece of paper on which I had taken down the numbers of the notes?'

"'No, certainly not. I could not see your desk from the door, and I was not further than the door. You do not seem well. sincerely hope there is nothing the matter?'

"'The cash you brought in last night—the 293 pounds—has been stolen, that's all,' said I.

"'Stolen!' he cried, falling back. 'You don't mean to say that!'

"'Aye, and stolen within an hour—within half an hour—of our being here together last night.'

"'I cannot—I will not—believe such a horrible thing. Stolen! And in the very office, too!'

"'I never saw better acting in all my life than his indignation and horror and astonishment. I could hardly believe my eyes and ears. I stood speechless and helpless and was half-dazed and wholly stupid and in despair. For a while I felt that, after all, he might be innocent, and that I, in a moment of excitement and haste, had placed in the money and memorandum in some place of security which I could not now recall.

"'Mr. Strangway, on reaching the office half an hour earlier than his usual time, gave orders for another search. No tidings of the cash came that day.

"'No secret was made of the affair in the office, and as the hours went on I became confident that in Mr. Strangway's eyes I was the criminal. I don't know how it happened, but I did not feel this much. I did not feel anything much. I was in a dream—a stupor.

"'Late in the afternoon Mr. Strangway called me into his office and told me that, considering everything, he did not intend placing the affair in the hands of the police that day, but if to-morrow's sun went down upon missing money now stood to me, I must be obliged to take action. 'The loss of money I could bear,' said he, 'but the ingratitude I will not stand.'

"'This was a good as accusing me of robbery. Again I wonder that I was not more put out, but I felt little or nothing beyond helpless and numbed.

"'Before I left Bread street that evening Grainly sent me a note, begging me, for my own sake, not to think of bolting. 'Bolting,' said he, 'in a case of this kind would be taken as an admission of the very worst.'

"'Even that daring impudence did not rouse me, did not waken me; through the whole terrible affair I do not think I was as much excited as I am now.

"'Next day Mr. Strangway said not a syllable about employing the police, or indeed about the affair at all, nor did he, as far as I knew, take steps in the matter. On the day following he made an astonishing announcement. He called Grainly and me into his private office and said:

"'The present is the only time in the history of our firm that anything of this kind has occurred—that we have been robbed from the inside. I have made up my mind not to do anything about it just now. I keep an open mind. Some day we may find an easy explanation of the mystery, or it may never be explained. I say no one. I will say no more of the affair until I or either put my hand on the man who did it, or tell you both face to face, as you are now, that I have discharged from my mind forever the subject of the robbery of the 293 pounds cash.

"'He lent me the money to buy a partnership in the firm, and I am the firm all to myself now—and shall be until the new partner comes to-morrow.'

He rose and shook me by the hand and tapped me on the shoulder, saying: 'Your partner for life will be wondering what has kept you. Run away to Kate now, my boy.'

For the Maine Farmer

A HARMLESS PLOT.

BY WILLARD E. JENKINS.

"I don't think it is right, Aunt Emily. Papa knows that I love Guy Ashton."

"He thinks it is an infatuation," returned Miss Emily Winthrop. "It's a shame, I declare. Guy is a fine, young man, and we know nothing about this Allen Haynes. Your father has not seen him since he was three years old."

"And I have never seen him; but I must be his wife because his father was my father's friend. It makes me blush when I think that papa sent him an invitation to come here, and—and—"

"Make you his wife," finished Miss Winthrop, as her niece paused.

"Yes. And he is actually coming. I don't know what to do."

"Your father means to do just right, Viola, but he always had odd notions. I cannot understand this new whim, however. He must be growing very childish."

"Auntie, an idea has just occurred to me. As you know, papa will not be here to welcome Mr. Haynes. He will ask for Miss Winthrop, and you must see him."

"What do you mean, child?" said the spinster, looking at Viola in amazement.

"I mean what I say. You must help me," and bending forward the fair girl whispered a few sentences in her aunt's ear.

"Do not refuse, auntie; say that you will do as I wish. You are so clever and so good at acting that I am sure it will be a success. I don't think Mr. Haynes will stay long, and I don't want him to see me at all."

"It is a strange idea, Viola; but I am willing to help you, and I think your father will relent."

* * * * * * *

Allen Haynes was seated in an elegantly furnished room in the Winthrop mansion. The servant had informed him that Mr. Winthrop was away on business, but Miss Winthrop would be down directly.

The young man looked critically about him.

"Egad!" he muttered. "Old Winthrop is very rich, and if I can persuade his girl to marry me, all is well. I've heard that she was pretty, and of course she is refined, and all that. I'm in luck this time."

He started abruptly from his chair, and turned around, as a lady entered the room. She was tall and angular, and wore a gray dress made perfectly plain. Her complexion was sallow, her small, dark eyes twinkled through steel-bowed spectacles, and her black hair was combed smoothly back and twisted in a small, hard knot at the back of her head.

"How de do, Mr. Haynes?" she said, in in a low, drawling voice. "I'm glad to see ye, and hope yer well."

"Good heavens!" said the young man, in a low but perfectly audible tone.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Miss Winthrop?" he asked at length.

"I'm Miss Winthrop, but law! I hope yer don't mean to say it's a pleasure—er—to address me. I'm real glad to see yer, though. I hope yer won't flatter me. Most young men is great flatterers, they be. I hain't never been into sussiety much, I had rather stay at hum and work. I can make real good bread, and I made a loaf of cake the other day."

"Your father is away?" questioned Mr Haynes, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"Yes. He didn't expect to be back for a week at least. But he want's yer to make yerself at hum. I've been sewin' patchwork lately, but I'll lay it by and try to entertain yer, er, he, he, he!"

"Do you play, Miss Winthrop?" asked the visitor, glancing towards the piano.

"Oh, law, no! A pianner looks well in a room, but I never had time enough learn to play—er—in ten years. But yer must be tired, Mr. Haynes. I'll call a servant to show yer to yer room, and then I'll see about supper. I'm a-goin' to hev something orful good for dinner. I tell yer."

The servants were all in the plot, and the woman who preceded Allen Haynes up the stairs could not help smiling at his solemn countenance. No doubt the young man thought that Miss Winthrop had a weak intellect.

A week later Mr. Winthrop returned, and after greeting his daughter and sister he asked for Allen Haynes.

"Oh, Mr. Haynes went away two days ago," returned Miss Winthrop, looking slyly at Viola. We couldn't persuade him to stay longer. Moreover, he said he did not think he should find it convenient to visit us again."

"Then he does not want Viola!" cried the choleric old gentleman. "The contemptible puppy! Well, I'll let him know that my daughter can have a husband. Viola, you can marry Guy Ashton as soon as you please. He is a worthy young man, and I do not doubt that he will make a good son-in-law."

"Thank you, papa; you are very kind," said Viola, demurely.

A month later there was a quiet wedding, and not until he became enthusiastic over his first grandchild did Mr. Winthrop learn how his plans had been frustrated. He certainly behaved very well, and is not sorry that Guy Ashton is his son-in-law.

Choice Miscellany.

SHE DIDN'T GO TO THE POORHOUSE. The county house wagon drew up at the old farm-house door in the early morning light and the poor overseer got out and knocked on the door with the butt end of his whip.

"Hey," quavered a thin voice within, "who's there?"

"We've come for ye', mother," said the overseer.

"Who calls me 'mother?'" asked the tremulous voice, and then the door was opened by a shaky hand, and an old woman, dressed in shawl and hood, stood in the doorway.

"I 'member,' she said slowly, nodding toward the wagon, "it's the selectmen, an' I s'pose they know best, but ff Jim knew—Jim knew that his poor mother was goin' to the poorhouse it 'ud break his heart."

"Ar' ye ready, mother?" asked the man, gently.

"Yes, I be. I ain't slept sense I heerd ye were comin' for me. It's all right, an' I don't blame ye, but it's hard to hev worked all yer life an' raised a family, an' then die in the poorhouse. It'll a-most kill Jim when he knows."

The man on the doorstep coughed and turned away, pretending to examine the wisteria vine that blossomed over the door. Not for worlds would he have told her that he was only carrying out Jim's orders against the time he should bring his wife to the farm house.

She came out slowly, looking with vague, wondering eyes at all she was leaving; the trees she and Harvey—that was her husband—had planted when they were young, at the bed of cinnamon pinks and the little rose-bush at the gate. She stopped and gathered some of the fragrant southernwood—"old man," they called it—and then she looked up at the window of one room—bridehood, wifehood, motherhood, angelhood, that room in the house to which she died there, Harvey had looked his last in the heaven of her eyes there. That was nigh on to forty years ago. Why, where was that this fair summer morning that he had forgotten her, and let her go to the poorhouse?

"Hurry up, mother," said the man gently; "we're to call for another paup—passenger at further down in the road. Tain't much you're a-leavin'"—with a short laugh. He was trying to make the best of it for her.

He helped her into the wagon, and in the golden light of another new day they moved on, jogging along the country road, sweet with the scented life of nature, until they reached the stile that led into the old graveyard where the sentinel pines shone among the trees in their strange, dumb whiteness.

"Oh, ef you don't mind—if I just could go a word to Harvey—it would help me so much, an, I wouldn't be long—I wouldn't keep you waitin.'"

"All right, mother." The overseer jumped out and helped her to the ground. "You're to keep there's a good soul," and lit his pipe and talked to the driver, apologizing for his weakness.

"Tain't likely that if she were a common pauper," he said, "there are folks here to remember when she was the belle of the county, and they do say it is this son Jim that has run through with the property an' is gettin' her out of the way so he won't have to pay for her keep. I wouldn't tell her for a house and lot."

"She wouldn't believe yer if yer did," said the driver, seriously, "but she's takin' long time in ponder."

No. It was no time she was taking, but eternity. When the overseer went to look for her she lay with her withered cheek pressed to the moon-gray stone that bore the name of her husband, and a smile that seemed to be a reflected glory from Paradise lit up her peaceful face. It had come to her in one brief moment, the assurance that she would not go to the poorhouse, and then—she had gone home.

A FISH STORY. The Pike county correspondent of the New York Sun tells this marvelous fish story: "A pickerel was caught at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. It was dressed at 7 in the evening. In its stomach were a half dozen or so of young perch, and in them were baby crawfish. They jumped a live sunfish. The sunfish flopped around in an undecided way, and the fishermen were so surprised that they let it flop two minutes time before they thought of picking it up and putting it into a pail of water. When the long-imprisoned sunfish found itself in its native element it rested for awhile, and then swam gracefully around in the pail and made itself as much at home as if it were in its native pond, and was apparently unconcerned over the fact that it had lain eight hours in a pickerel's maw. And it is swimming yet."

HOW HE SAVED $30,000. It is a pretty extravagant man who will spend $50 per month on cigars and drinks, but the man who will set aside that amount of money to his wife instead of dispensing it will find a solid pile accumulating very rapidly. There died recently in Tacoma a lady who had by that means accumulated $30,000. She willed the money to her five children.

The lady's husband did not drink, smoke nor chew. He was working on a good salary, and in four or five years after their marriage was getting ahead very satisfactorily. One day he said to his wife:

"I think I will give you each month the amount of money I would spend in smoking and drinking. How much would it be?"

They calculated the sum. One friend spent about $35 per month, another spent $100, and many spent sums between these two extremes. It was agreed that he would spend $50, and this sum was regularly set aside by him for her, to constitute a fund for the education of their children. Once or twice every year he would contribute $100 to her fund, instead of getting drunk. When the fund had reached comfortable proportions it was invested. Once the husband was in a close place and borrowed the money, paying interest for it. The children, growing up, were sent to school from it. Many charitable acts were performed with the money, but still it grew. When they removed to Tacoma some fortunate real estate investments were made with the money. One of them netted $5,000.

When the lady died her estate, accumulated in this way, during eighteen years, was found to be worth $30,000. It was willed to her five children, with provisions securing them an education. The generous father, whose abstinence had made this possible, added $4,000 to the fund belonging to each child. Besides the sums of money which were expended for charity and in the education of the children, a good deal was used for gifts. The gentleman carries a $300 gold watch as a memento of the fund. "The fund had a little advantage, I guess," said he yesterday. "I always took pains to invest it carefully. But compounding money makes it grow very rapidly. The amount placed in the sum was about $14,000—perhaps a little more, and I added to my drink money something more than $200 per year. This amount almost any smoking and drinking man would spend in eighteen years. A good many men in this town smoke $1,200 to $1,500 per year. It does not take much nigh priced wine to make this much larger."

Wit, Humor, and Pleasantries.

"The Boston *Transcript*" tells of a small boy of the genus Boston, whose grandmother was teaching him a new prayer the other night. It was in verse, and ran thus:

"Jesus, gentle shepherd, lead me;
Keep thy little lamb to-night."

"Grandma," said the boy, 'do you say that prayer?"

"Well, not exactly," she answered; "why?"

"Cause, if you said it, you'd have to let the 'little lamb" go, and say "keep the old sheep!"

"De bigger dat you see de smoke
De less de fire will be,
And de bigger de size of 'possum
Climbs de biggest kind 'o tree.
De darky at de ole camp-ground
Was can loudest sing and shout,
Is a-gwine to rob some hen-roost
Fore he's been in out."

Two women were discussing a young man of their acquaintance whose father had been a distinguished member of the bar and a useful member of society. "For my part," said one, "I think he's too much of a fortune and capable. I am confident he will succeed." "Yes," replied the other, "he is undoubtedly a worthy young man, but I don't think he has head enough to fill his father's shoes."

He deposed a subject in the piste
And meekly raised his eyes,
Glad the week's rent was fully paid
By the prize he'd won.

Mrs. Blogge—"Is your husband troubled with insomnia, that he does not sleep of nights?"

Mrs. Jonesy—"No, he is employed in a store that does not advertise, and so has acquired the habit of sleeping during the day."

"I don't like this as much as I thought I would," said Harry, looking up from his algebra. "It's stupid. There's too many rules to learn."

"Things always seem so until we get through some of the drudgery," answered mamma, encouragingly. Mammas are always ready to inculcate moral lessons. "It will be more interesting after a while. Everything is so at first."

Harry looked solemn.

"I know one thing that isn't stupid from the beginning," said he; "you don't have to wait for it to be interesting!"

"Well, *what* is it?"

"Eating ice cream!"

Miss Russell—I think Jennie Oldham is just as mean as she can be.

Miss Brown—Why what's she done?

Miss Russell—She's given it out that her uncle's taken her to Bar Harbor and Newport for the summer, yet she's only sitting out in the back yard every hot day to get her face tanned.

Mr. Merchant Prince—Your never having had an adventure, accounts for your failure in business.

Mr. Hardup—I do not see what that has to do with it.

Mr. Merchant Prince—Why, everything. The enormous business I am doing, is all owing to my ad-ventures.

NOT HUNTING BUT HUNTED. I was jogging along the road one day in the rough country about the headwaters of the Cumberland river, when I came upon a rawboned native sitting on the fence with a Winchester lying across his knees:

"How are you?" I said as I pulled up.

"How d'y?" he responded.

"How far is it to Red Bud Run?" I inquired.

"About four mile ridin'; three walkin'."

"Much obliged." I said, and nodding at his gun I asked if there were bear about the mountain.

"No; noun' here, I reckon."

"Any deer?"

"None as I know on."

"Squirrels?"

"Ain't time for 'em."

"Rabbits?"

"Naw;" and his tone was not affable.

"Well, what are you hunting?" I insisted, for there was something odd about the man.

"Ain't hunting at all," he said. "Jim Cooper's huntin'."

"What's he hunting?" I asked, with more curiosity than ever.

"Why, he's hunting for a hard laugh" "n' I'm waitin' for him to find me. I reckon," he went on more politely, "if it's jist the same to you; you better be gettin' along tords Mud Run, for 'tain't agoin' ter be pleasant in this neighborhood when Jim roams up this er-way."

I took his advice and got along rapidly, and, as the mountains in their oppressive silence hung over me and the deep shadows of the hollows seemed to come forth and darken the daylight of the early afternoon, it occurred to me that it was just as well that one-half of the world didn't know how the other half lived—or died.

ANIMAL INSTINCT. An expressman had two horses which had been together for a long time, and were greatly attached to each other. One night not long ago the stable where they were kept was broken open, and one of the horses was stolen. Detectives were put upon the track, the owner joined in the search, but nothing was heard of the missing horse. The owner, however, would not give it up.

One day, driving the missing horse's mate, he went to visit an auction stable, a place where horses were sold at auction. As he was driving up to it, but still some distance away, his horse grew uneasy and gave a loud whinny, which a moment after was answered by a whinny from the stable.

"My horse is in that stable!" exclaimed the man. He got out of his wagon, went in, and there, to be sure, was his stolen horse. The animals seemed to overjoyed to meet each other, whinnied back and forth, rubbed each other's necks, and indulged in all the demonstrations of equine affections.

Now, how do suppose the horse outside knew that his mate was inside that stable? Was it from scent, or from instinct finer than any with which human beings are endowed? We cannot tell; we only know that many animals are endowed with faculties or instincts which we cannot begin to comprehend.

THAT TRIP WASN'T A MIRACLE. Little Johnny Watson was a passenger on a suburban train. Beside him sat a tall solemn-looking man with side whiskers. In front were Johnny's pa and ma, and behind, his Aunt Hetty. The whole party had been to church, and the man sitting beside Johnny was the minister going out to spend the afternoon with the Watsons.

"My little man," said the minister to Johnny, "did you pay close attention to the sermon?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Johnny, do you know what a miracle is?"

"Yes sir."

"Do you remember that I said something about miracles?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me, please."

"Well, all I know about it is ma said this morning it would be a miracle if we could go to church once without having the minister taggin' home with us to dinner. So I guess this trip hain't no mir—"

"Johnny Watson!" roared his mother from the front seat, "Will you come here this minute?"

"Yes'm."

THE DAY OF REST. How pure and holy is the quiet restfulness of God's Sabbath, and there were none purer than the Sabbath of many centuries ago. The very air seems different from ordinary days. How the sunshine, the blue sky, the clouds, and the green hills do touch the mind and heart, lifting and making us higher, stronger and better things—silent, but tremendous influences in the hands of the Almighty. Let confusion overtake those who, upon properly observing the day, destroy the sanctity of the day that God blessed and hallowed.

SNAKE CHARMED BIRDS. It is the popular belief that serpents have the power to charm their prey before devouring it. This belief seems to extend only to the small, slender snakes. The small snakes, I observe, are endowed with more patience, and when they wish to procure a meal they do not rush upon their victim and by force crush out its life, but calmly and patiently await their opportunity. I believe that no serpent has the power to charm. The snake is a natural enemy to bird life. For this reason when a bird observes a snake it immediately sets about to drive away its enemy. The snake may raise its head and retain a motionless attitude, save now and then the thrusting out of the tongue. The bird will fly or flutter about manifesting the greatest excitement, chafing and chattering, scolding and screaming by turns, all the while flitting in a hurried manner back and forth, until by this violent exercise in the fruitless effort to accomplish its purpose, it so reduces its physical force that it is unable to continue the warfare further than to retain with difficulty its hold upon some friendly branch. In this exhausted condition it can only flutter its wings, make fluffy its feathers, and emit a slight vocal sound. Tired out, the bird is unable to escape and thus falls an easy prey to the snake, that simply bides its time, and at the right moment reaches up and captures it.

DAY FIREWORKS, are a modern novelty. *Harper's Young People* says: "They were introduced only two or three years ago by a Japanese Hirayama of Yokohama. These daylight fireworks are fired from mortars, and explode at a great height whereupon they break into various figures of enormous size, representing gods, goddesses, many animals, dragons, chrysanthemums, rainbows, parasols, etc. The forms float on the air for several minutes, and then gradually gracefully fall to the ground. When they were first exhibited in Japan, it is said the curious used to gather the figures as souvenirs."

Last summer Col. Pain exhibited day fireworks at Coney Island. The novelty of seeing odd set pieces in the air of a sunny afternoon never failed to attract thousands of sightseers. The unique display is likely to be repeated this summer.

DONE IN A SECOND. A second is the smallest division of time in general use, and when we consider that in one year there are about 31,588,000 of these periods it would certainly seem as if it was small enough for all practical purposes. But, after all a good deal can happen even in a fraction of a second. A light-wave, for instance, passes through a distance of about 185,000 miles in this length of time. A current of electricity has probably an even greater speed. The earth itself moves in its orbit at a rate of about 20 miles a second, thus far exceeding the fastest railroad trains on its surface. A tuning-fork of the French standard vibrates 870 times per second to produce the note A on the treble staff.

The feat of putting a standard locomotive together in four hours from the driving of the first rivet to the vanishing of the cab was performed in Stratford, Eng., lately.

Curious Things.

AN ODD OCCUPATION.—A FORTY ACRE FARM ON WHICH A MAN CULTIVATES RATTLESNAKES. Probably the oddest occupation ever followed by man is that of an old Tennesseean who lives about three miles north of Gainesville, Mo., in the Ozark Mountains. It is George Jaynes, or, as he is known in that neighborhood' "Snaky George." Jaynes came from the mountains of Tennessee several years ago and followed the occupation of hunting for a living. He never got very much ahead but managed to eke out a good living for himself by the sale of game and skins.

He brought with him from his old home the art of making snake oil and sold several pints during each season to the various druggists in this part of the State and always got a good price for it, as it was of excellent quality. The rocks of the Ozark Mountains abound with rattlesnakes and it was not long before James saw that if he went at it right he had a bonanza in the business. He looked about and found a piece of rocky land on the south side of the mountain which was utterly worthless as far as agriculture was concerned.

He entered this land as a homestead and began improving it in a most peculiar way. Instead of clearing off the rocks he tried to get more there, and soon he had built a veritable snakes' retreat. The hillside was honeycomed with holes and everything that a snake could desire to make life a pleasure was added to the spot. While he had entered one hundred acres he utilized only about 40 of them. He built a house of stone, but cemented it throughly inside and out, for while he made a living off of snakes he did not care to have the close companionship with them. Having arranged his farm to his satisfaction, he set about getting inhabitants for the place. In this he experienced little trouble, for the hills abounded with the reptiles, and he knew how to catch and handle them without danger. His daily excursions were taken with a view of bringing home a new resident for his farm, and his live stock increased with wonderful speed.

About four years ago he completed his work of stocking his place, and now he is reaping the benefit of his acumen. Snakes are everywhere on the place, and on a warm day the sight on the hill back of the house would give a drinking man the impression that "he had 'em again." Rattlesnake of all sizes and conditions are seen lying around in profusion, or crawling over the rocks, squirming and twisting in heaps, while the deadly whirr of the rattles makes music which strikes terror to the heart of one unaccustomed to the situation.

Above all is that terribly nauseating odor which fills the whole air and drives away any one not accustomed to such an offensive scent.

"Snaky George" estimates that there are ten thousand full grown rattlesnakes on the place, and says that he kills an average of two thousand every season. He only kills them during the months of September and October, for then they are the fattest and are full of oil. They are getting ready to go into winter quarters and are in prime condition. His method of catching them is simple. He has fed them in a certain cleared spot ever since they had been on the place and they now come there regularly.

When he wants to begin work he stands on an elevated rock near the place and with a slip noose of wire catches as many a he can use and kills them. He then takes the bodies to his house, where he throws them into a caldron and renders out the oil. This he packs in heavy bottles and ships it to various wholesale druggists over the country, it being used in the preparation of various liniments. One good sized rattler will make a pint of oil, and this brings $1.50 a pint, or nets Jaynes about $1 after paying the cost of rendering, bottling and shipping are paid.

THE UNLISTED STARS. There are millions of unlisted stars, and we know not what far-reaching masses of nebulosity; each star, each nebula, has a different story, as full of varied detail as the story of the earth and its inhabitants, and even of that story not a little we read and know, and yet we would like to read the story of each nebula and star and compare them one with another; some barest outline we are learning of a few, and of differentiating star from star, guessing at their age, their temperature, their distance.

And now and then a discovery of a picture comes, like Mr. Robert's photograph of the nebula in Andromeda, and there is a flood of light upon their nature and gives us answers we had hardly hoped to know, and shows us new questions that seem even further out of reach.

Perhaps the most truly wonderful thing this century has seen is that negative on which the Andromeda nebula has printed its own image; on a few square inches of photographic plate are recorded the autobiography of a nebula measuring its length by billions of miles, taking light, it has been said, six years to travel from end to end, and showing us obviously and at once a definiteness of structure hitherto unsuspected.

Comparisons of successive photographs of this nebula have been made with a view of detecting evidence of change, and whatever opinion may be formed as to changes in the course of years, but